

THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE

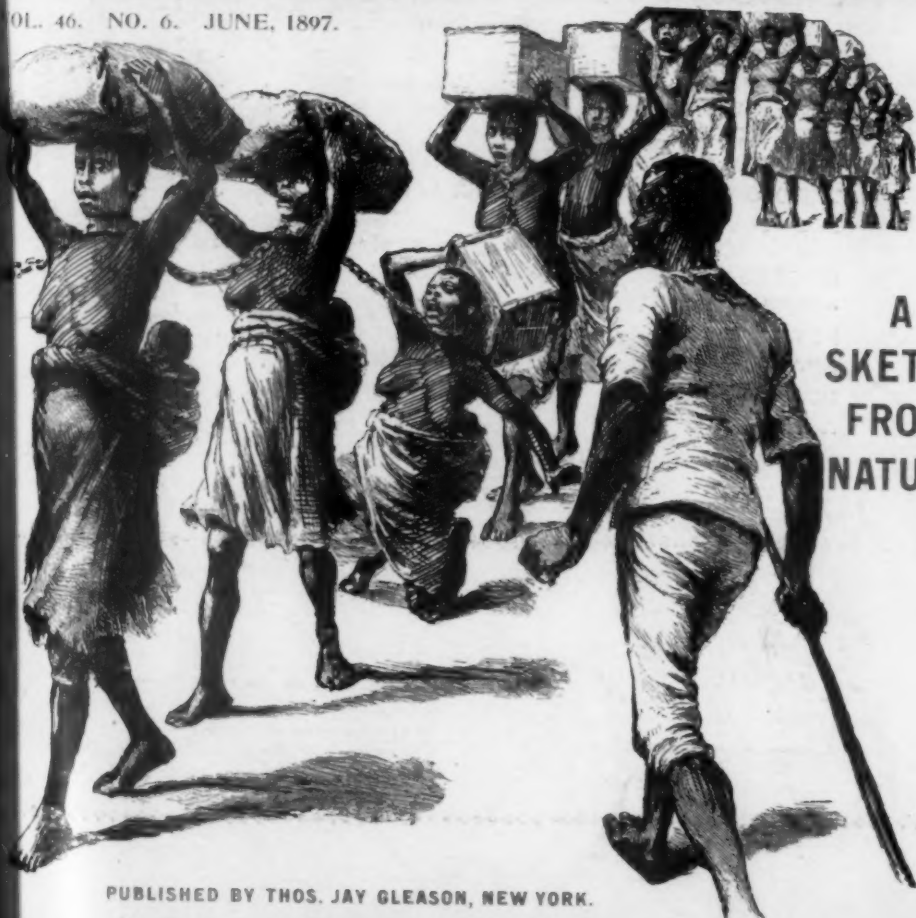
BY HELI CHATELAIN

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ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE

VOL. 46. NO. 6. JUNE, 1897.



A
SKETCH
FROM
NATURE

PUBLISHED BY THOS. JAY GLEASON, NEW YORK.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE

MAY 1897

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Arthur's Home Magazine

203 Front Street, New York

OUR PURPOSE

EVERY enterprise should have a purpose. A magazine without one would be like a rudderless ship. We submit in brief the purpose of ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

First and foremost, we shall present facts and truths to our readers each month that will materially help and instruct. As an indication of what we mean by facts and truths being materially helpful and instructive, we refer the reader to our SELF-CULTURE DEPARTMENT, edited by the "AUTHOR OF PRESTON PAPERS," whose initial contribution appears in this and will continue through succeeding numbers. The "Author of Preston Papers" has been so widely and favorably referred to in the public press as an able educator, speaker and writer, that an introduction here is hardly necessary.

In like manner we refer to our KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT, edited by MR. FREDERIC L. LUQUEER, Ph.D., a specialist in Kindergarten Work. We believe that there are many persons, especially mothers, who desire knowledge on the subject of the methods and principles of the Kindergarten, with reference to their application not alone in the school but also in the home. To tell the story of the Kindergarten in a non-technical and practical manner shall be our aim. The articles by Mr. Luqueer begin in the March and continue in succeeding numbers.

MISS MARY ALINE BROWN, editor of "Woman's Temperance Work," the official organ of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, will, in her interesting and forceful manner, tell us of the origin and progress of the Union in the past, also its plans and purposes for the future.

MISS LOUISE BOTH-HENDRIKSEN, whose fame as a student and lecturer on the History of Costume is international, will contribute a series of illustrated articles on THE HISTORY OF COSTUME, beginning with primitive man, and conduct us through the manifold changes of intervening centuries to the fashion plates of to-day. The value and importance of this series of articles, emanating from such an authentic source, can hardly be estimated, and the readers of ARTHUR'S have in these articles alone a rare treat in store for them.

Miss Both-Hendriksen is not only the pioneer in America in her chosen field, but occupies it without a peer. The first article will appear in the April number.

We purpose that our fiction and verse shall be elevating as well as entertaining. It must be good in itself, for we are not in sympathy with words, words, words, though they may come to us with all the delusive glamor of a celebrated literary or high-sounding social name.

Under the title of "SIMPLE WAYS AND MEANS FOR HOME ADORNMENT," MR. ED. DEWSON will tell us how to secure simple artistic results in home decoration at moderate price. He will go with us from the portal through each room in the house, advising us in the use of grills and draperies, rugs and stained floors, the arrangement of furniture, and the many accessories necessary for satisfactory results.

In the series "PUBLIC AND PRIVATE ART GALLERIES, ILLUSTRATED," we will treat separately each of the several best-known galleries. The text will so treat and comment upon the profuse illustrations that our readers will be made to feel familiar with the famous or distinctive masterpieces of the collection.

"ILLUSTRATED VISITS TO OUR PUBLIC PARKS" will serve to familiarize our readers with the natural wonders of our great country, and the beauties and the utility of the breathing places of our great cities. Special photographic reproductions of the foliage of the Pacific Coast, of the grandeur of the Yellowstone valleys, of picturesque Fairmount, of the statuary, architecture and natural beauties of Central and other famous parks will give special value in the current numbers of our magazine. We shall inaugurate the series with a collection of charming views taken in the immediate vicinity of Niagara, with an interesting description written on the spot by M. C. Schuyler.

FASHION NOTES. Suggestions will be given from time to time for the mothers and daughters of the home, "their sisters, their cousins and their aunts."

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MUSIC will receive its share.

CURRENT EVENTS of special interest or importance will be noted concisely.

The little ones shall also have a place especially devoted to their welfare and entertainment.

In a word, we believe a home magazine should be helpful, interesting and entertaining.

We cordially invite the support of those in sympathy with that sentiment, also their suggestions, opinions and criticisms.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, New York.

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Old Time is still a-flying,
And that same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lampe of Heaven, the
Sun,
The higher he is a-getting
The sooner will his race be run
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best that is the first
While youth and blood are warmer,
Expect not the last and worst
Time still succeeds the former.

Then be not coy but use your time,
While you may goe marry;
For having once but lost your prime
You may forever tarry.

Robert Herrick.

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Arthur's Home Magazine

VOL. XLVI

JUNE, 1897

No. 6



A Portrait of Rembrandt painted by himself

REMBRANDT

In attempting a sketch of the Dutch painter, Rembrandt, one meets with the story of a life almost barren of incident, yet crowded with artistic productiveness. A genius whose works have left an imperishable imprint upon

all time, and whose name lives in certain descriptive words, such as "a Rembrandtish effect," which at once calls up a picture of high lights and deep shadows.

Less than almost any other cele-



Portrait by Rembrandt

brated painter does he seem to own the influence of his teachers, or to be guided or swayed by studying the works of other masters and the broadening effects of travel or research into foreign standards. He was a law unto himself, and so desirous was he of preserving even the individuality of his pupils that it is said that he arranged partitions between the various stu-

dents that each might work in comparative solitude, unaffected by hint or suggestion from a companion.

The character of Rembrandt is differently viewed by his various biographers, and seems suggestive of the brightness of sombreness of his own canvases. All admit his patient industry and the vast amount of work he accomplished. But while the one

attributes to him an affectionate nature, generosity and a breadth of artistic taste, the other makes him a most unlovely character, mean to a degree, and even dishonorable in his transactions.

The dates of Rembrandt's birth are variously stated as 1606, 1607 and 1608. The first is based on the authority of a burgomaster of Leyden, who wrote a history of the place; while the last rests upon the statistics of his marriage certificate, and makes his natal year that of the poet Milton.

His father, Herman Gerritz Van Rhyn, was a miller, living in a quaint old house attached to his mill, near Leyden. Here Rembrandt Harmans or Hermanszoon was born, the twelfth child of his parents. His father, like many another, designed to bring him up to his own calling. But the boy revolted from the uncongenial toil, nor does he seem to have taken more kindly to learning or the study of the classics. Being punished, perhaps over severely, for idleness or truancy, he ran away from home and cast himself upon the hospitality of an artist friend of his father, by name Van Swaenenberg. Here his real vocation seems to have revealed itself, and the artist friend acted as mediator with the boy's father to induce him to consent to his son's becoming a painter.

Rembrandt showed precocious abilities in his grouping and the management of light and shade, and to some extent evolved his rules of perspective from his own "inner consciousness," studying out the difficult problem for himself, with little attention to the instructions of older painters. After some time spent in Amsterdam he returned home, where he painted a picture of his father, mother and the mill, which he sold at The Hague for 100 florins, between forty and fifty dollars.

Ignorant of the absorbing claims of Art and the time and toil and study involved in attaining eminence in such a profession, the elder Van Rhyn was now reconciled to the young man's choice of a career, and appears to have

flattered himself that in the person of his junior he had secured "the hen which lays the golden egg." "Not so," said Rembrandt, and demanded more money for his education. This was a bitter disappointment to the old man, who reluctantly yielded to the importunity or compulsion brought to bear upon him.

Rembrandt returned to Amsterdam, where his reputation rapidly increased. His earlier pictures were painted during his stay in Leyden, from 1627 to 1631, when he removed to Amsterdam, where he remained till the time of his death, which seems to have occurred in October, 1669, though other dates are given. Portraits, groups and landscapes were produced in rapid succession by his facile brush. The list is too long to enumerate. To etching also he devoted much time, became a master in that branch of art, and is termed "the Prince of etchers." His first etching, as far as known, is a portrait of his mother, done in 1628.

In 1634 Rembrandt married Saskia Van Wenburgh, daughter of a famous jurisconsult of Friesland, who was also a friend of the Prince of Orange. The marriage registry reads thus quaintly: "Rembrandt Harmans Van Rhyn of Leyden, twenty-six years of age, dwelling in the Breed Straat, whose mother will consent, appeared before the commissioners, and also Saskia Van Ulenburgh of Leeuwarden, dwelling in Bildt, at St. Anna-kerch, for whom has appeared Jan Cornelis, preacher, as cousin of the said Saskia" (her father being presumably dead), "before the third publication."

This was eminently what the world would call "a good match" on both sides, the bride having beauty, wealth and position, the groom means and assured fame. Rembrandt was warmly attached to his wife, and painted her picture, as he did his own, very frequently. For both religious and mythological subjects she was his constant model. He delighted in painting her adorned with jewels, and it is



amusing to read that on one occasion it brought down upon the husband and wife the reproof of the very paternal government for extravagance. A late author tells us that the same paternal government provides a curator for the family of a spendthrift. It seems likely that Rembrandt lavished large sums in this way, and in the purchase of various expensive articles for what we call "studio properties." To this cause is laid in part his subsequent pecuniary reverses; while others maintain that the jewels depicted were, like the perspective lessons, evolved from his "inner consciousness."

Rembrandt painted numerous portraits of himself, as well as etching them. The last bears date of 1667. The first and last are thus described: "A man alert and vigorous. His broad forehead, slightly arched, shows the developments which announce imagination. His abundant hair of a warm hue, bordering on red, and naturally curly, seems to disclose a Jewish type. His face, spite of its ugliness, is one of much expression; a large, broad nose, high cheek bones, a coarse, rough skin, give an air of vulgarity, redeemed, however, by the mouth, the proud curve of the eyebrows and the brilliancy of the eyes." . . . "The last portrait is that of an old man, the face wrinkled by age, and toneless, dressed, however, in the bravery of a fur robe, a velvet cap, and across his breast a chain."

In 1642 the beloved Saskia died, leaving one son, Titus, who also expired, as did another child of a second marriage, to his cook, before the father. After Saskia's death pecuniary reverses came upon Rembrandt, owing, perhaps, in part to his own extravagances, the changes of the times and fluctuating public taste, which found newer favorites in other painters. But in this period of comparative shadow the Great Master shows no diminution of faith in his own powers, no lack of his wonted skill and no flagging of his indomitable industry.

Like Goethe he allowed the world to surge on around him unheeded, and wrapped in his own pursuits, in the evolution of his Heaven bestowed talents, he turned a deaf ear to "the story of the nations," the progress of events, or the mutterings of the gathering storms of the future.

Numerous and amusing tales are told of his growing avarice. Perhaps he had learned a lesson from earlier experiences, which drove him to the opposite extreme. He lived in a sordid way, while possessing the means of comfort. His students, it is said, would nail small coins to the floor in order to see him stoop and try to pick them up, and tempted him by writing letters ordering pictures at a larger price than that for which he had already agreed to paint them, to deceive the original buyer. But he seems to have been eminently good-natured, since his recorded remark is: "One of you," addressing the pupils, "must have played me this trick. Well, well, I forgive you. You young varlets do not know the value of a florin as I know it."

Some one having suggested to him that his work would command a higher price after his death, he first simulated illness, then caused it to be given out that he had expired, and his wife and son made profitable sales of his pictures to cover expenses, after which he cheerfully reappeared.

His studio, a circular room, was lighted by narrow slits in the walls, so arranged as only to admit the sunshine through one at a time; this, doubtless, was the cause of the sudden high lights and heavy shadows of his style, which, also, in some respects, seems to combine the minuteness of the most celebrated of his many pupils, Gerard Douw, with the broader effects of other painters. Godfrey Kneller, court painter to William III. of England, was also one of Rembrandt's scholars.

He was realistic to a degree, yet masterly in his delineations. "Scarred with furrows and wrinkled as a study by Rembrandt," says one writer. In

himself directing the hanging of a picture he intimates that it should be viewed from a distance, since "a picture is not made to be smelt of." His drawing was strong, composition fine, coloring rich and warm, and his shadows deep but transparent. He studied from the life around him and the purely ideal had little part in his creations. He executed many portraits, and among his other pictures may be enumerated "Simeon in the Temple," "The Lesson in Anatomy" (one of his most celebrated paintings), "The Marriage of Samson," "The Night Watch" or "The Sortie of the Banning Cock Company," The stories of "Suzanna" and "Tobit," from the Apocripha, and a "Descent from the Cross," "Raising of Lazarus," and many other scripture subjects.

We close with a quotation from

Taine: "By the side of others who seem painters of the aristocracy he is of the people; he is, at least, the most humane; his broader sympathies embrace more of nature fundamentally; no ugliness repels him; no craving for joyousness or nobleness hides from him the lowest depths of truth. Hence it is that, free from all trammels and guided by the keen sensibility of his organs, he has succeeded in portraying in man not merely the general structure and the abstract type which answer for classic art, but again that which is peculiar and profound in the individual—the indefinable complications of the moral being, the whole of that changeable imprint which concentrate instantaneously on a face the entire history of a soul, and which Shakespeare alone saw with an equally pridigious lucidity."

LEIGH NORTH.

GOOD NIGHT

Good night! Ah, no! the hour is ill
That severs those it should unite;
Let us remain together still,
Then it will be good night.

How can I call the lone night good,
Though thy sweet wishes wing its flight?
Be it not said, thought, understood,
That it will be good night.

To hearts which near each other move
From evening's close to morning's light,
The night is good because, my love,
They never say good night.

—Shelley.



Ngangela woman—Beyond Bihe

THE AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE

BY

HELI CHATELAIN

Born in the historical Swiss town of Morat, on April 29, 1859, I cannot, of course, remember the exciting time when John Brown, of Appowattomie, was hanged for the crime of attempting to liberate the American negro from his unjust bondage. But I have a distinct recollection of the Civil War which followed, and I still can see, as if it were yesterday, the consternation which spread from face to face as the news of Lincoln's assassination passed from mouth to mouth among the children assembled in front of the municipal school-house. My father was a maker of fine gold watches, and his

best customer being in the United States, the news of the American war was eagerly read and earnestly discussed in the family circle. My mother was an engraver, and she used to reproduce the portraits of U. S. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and other American generals on my father's gold watch cases destined for the United States. Little did I dream, as I watched my mother's work, that a cousin of my father (General Aug. L. Chatlain, of Chicago) was then fighting in America, side by side with those great men; nor that I should, thirty years later, discover him at the World's Fair in



Zanzibar

*Heli Chatelain*

Chicago, and that he would one day co-operate with me in a movement for the emancipation of millions of slaves in Africa.

About the close of the Civil War I noticed some of my playmates collecting cancelled postage stamps. At first I laughed at the foolishness of taking so much interest in gathering useless bits of paper. One day, however, one

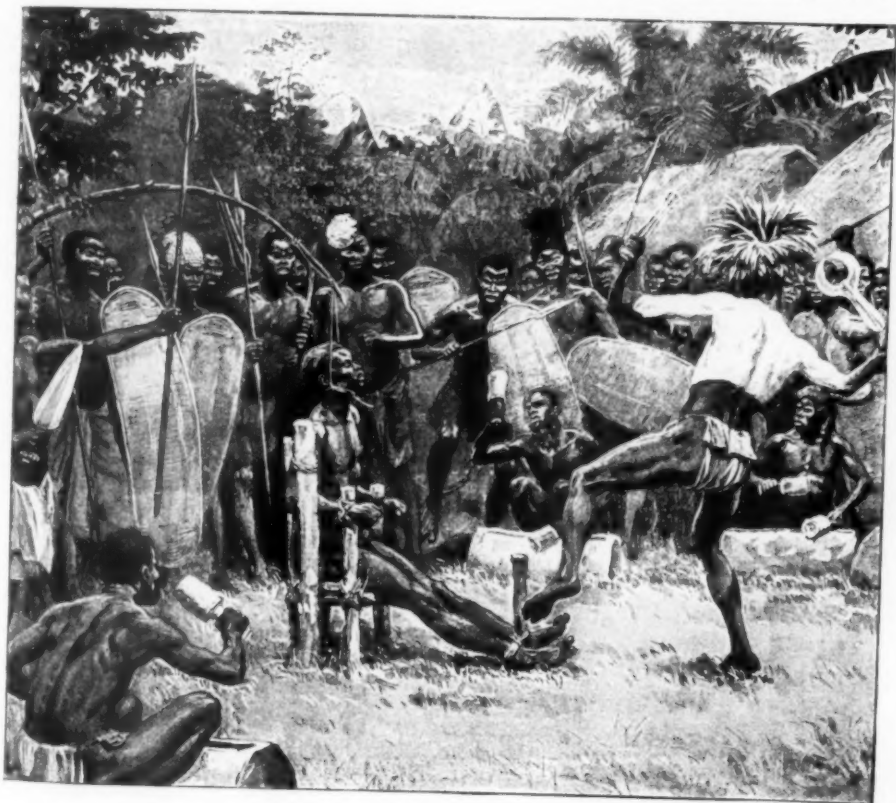
of my schoolfellows rebuked me, saying: "It is not so foolish as you think, for one thousand different stamps will give liberty to a slave in America." "Give liberty to a slave! And I can accomplish that?" Quick as a flash, my mind was made up, and I threw myself into the collecting business with all the zeal of a new convert. In the course of time I discovered my mis-

take, but, grievous as my disappointment was, the collection had endeared itself to me so much that I kept it up, and I still preserve it a sacred relic of my first philanthropic effort.

When I was old enough to study foreign geography my father bought me Andrea's School Atlas, and I pondered so much over the colored maps that it did not take me long to become familiar with the outlines of continents, countries, rivers and mountains. The mysterious blank covering the heart of the African continent exerted a peculiar fascination on my mind, and, staring at it, I would people it with imaginary rivers and lakes, mountains and plains, plants and animals, giants and dwarfs of all sorts.

Later on, the reading of Living-

stone's books kindled and the accounts of Stanley's explorations in the Congo Basin kept up an intelligent interest not only in the geography of the mysterious continent but also in the fate of its wild black inhabitants. Dim visions of Utopian explorations, colonies and civilized towns in the African wilderness would persistently haunt me, in spite of myself. Being an invalid, crippled, and not expected to live long, there was no human prospect of my visions ever being realized. Yet their hold on my mind was so tenacious that as soon as I was able to walk with the aid of two sticks, I began to save every cent I earned in order to pay my way to Africa, to ascertain whether my plans were practical or not. Three times I saved what I thought was



An execution

*Benguela*

enough to pay my fare to Madagascar, and three times I strangely lost the money so self-denyingly accumulated. America and Africa had always been closely related in my mind, and I finally decided to first get a footing in

America and then another footing in Africa. In due time I hoped America would be greatly used for the development of Africa's numerous resources in minerals, vegetables and mankind.

At last, in January, 1885, I sighted

*Rue da Guilanda—a street in Benguela*



An African slave tied by neck and hands

the African continent, I explored its coasts and interior territories for thousands of miles, and mixed with scores of African tribes. I studied their language, their customs, their needs, and tried to relieve them as best I could. I gathered original material for half a dozen books and managed to publish a few volumes. I studied and compared what others wrote, in various tongues, on Africa and African affairs until I mastered the subjects of African philology and ethnology, of African politics and mission work. The discoveries I made are both numerous and important, but many are unspeakably sad.

Let me give in brief a résumé of what I found on one subject, slavery, and of the way in which the early efforts of my childhood and the dreams of my

boyhood, are now coming to a head in the maturity of my manhood.

Fifty millions of slaves are still groaning in abject bondage through the length and breadth of Darkest Africa, and 500,000 lives are still annually sacrificed in Africa's internal slave-trade. These are the estimates of the most reliable authorities, and they are justified by the facts which follow.

The Arabs and Mohammedan negroes are not the only slave raiders, slave-dealers and slave-owners. Wherever the natives have plenty of powder and guns, they rival the Arabs in all the horrors of this inhuman business.

Slavery has been a constituent element of African society from time immemorial. Parents sell their children in order to save themselves from slavery, starvation or death.



Slave girls in a trader's yard—Loanda



*Catumbella—View be-
hind the town*

Insolvent debtors and thieves, people accused of witchcraft or adultery, and criminals of all sorts are sold far away, slavery serving the purpose of prisons.

All persons captured in war are the property of their captors.

Most of the concubines of a polygamist are slaves, and polygamy is practiced by all African tribes.

Sometimes girls are sold to polygamists even before they are born. Many intertribal wars are undertaken for the main purpose of obtaining more concubines.

Slaves are the regular currency in Hausaland, on the Mobanghi river and in many other parts. Instead of saying "a canoe is worth so many dollars" the people say "it is worth so many slaves." A missionary tells of a rescued child which had passed through the hands of twenty owners.

In large tracts where cannibalism still prevails slaves are bought and sold for food.

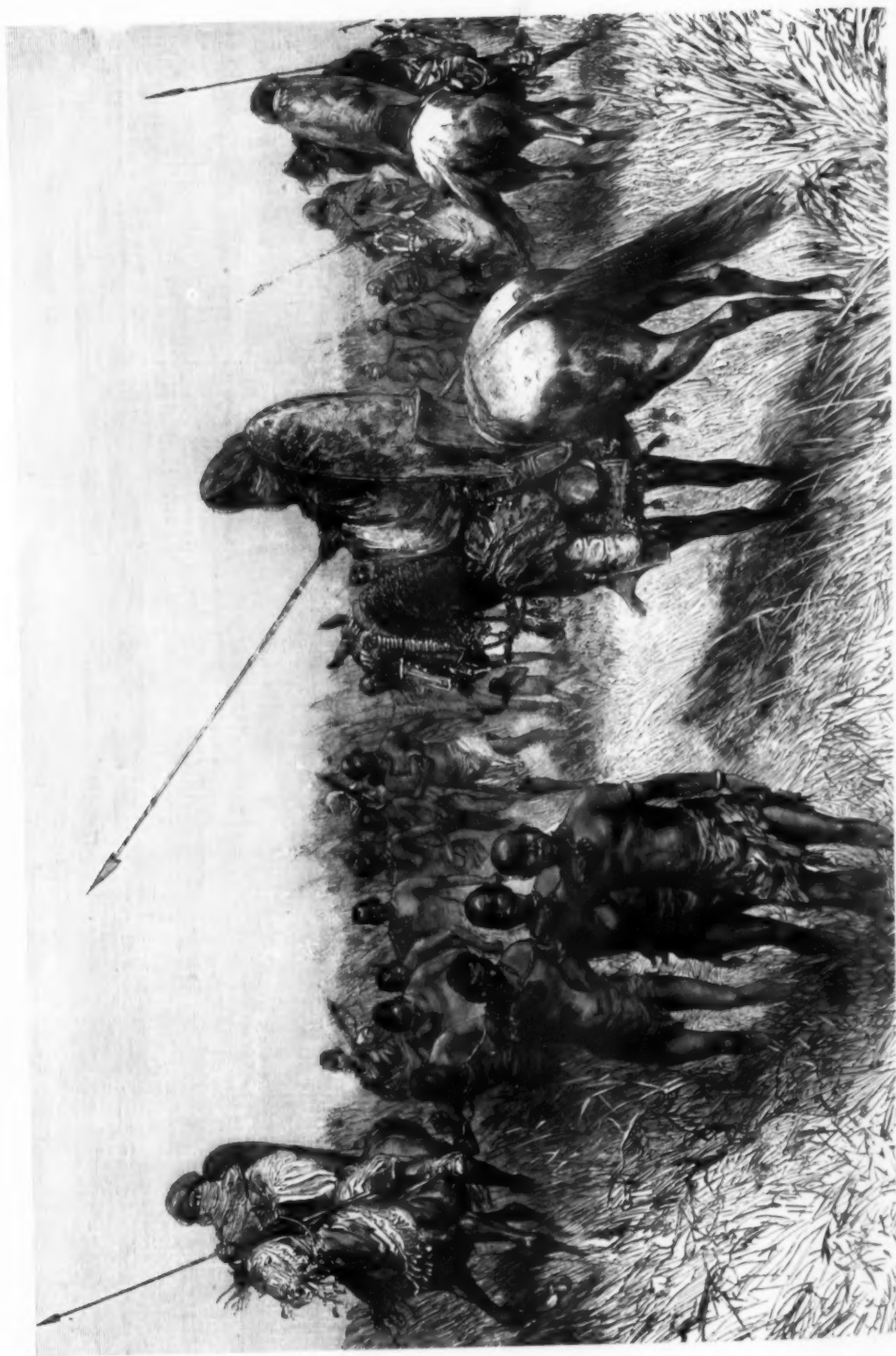
In a recent lecture delivered in Berlin, Dr. Esser stated that on a journey to the interior of Kamerun he continually came across human bones mixed up with those of dogs and hogs, the gruesome mounds being the remains of cannibalistic feasts. In one place the

people boasted that thirty slaves had just been eaten at the funeral of their chief.

Slaves are used as beasts of burden



Native warriors of the Congo



to carry the ivory, rubber, wax and other produce to the coast, and many of the coffee, cocoa, sugar-cane and clove plantations are worked by slave labor.

The mortality among these plantation slaves is appalling. Only the other day an American missionary wrote of a runaway slave (contract laborer) who was roasted alive with kerosene in the presence of the other slaves, in order to deter these from deserting.

Rev. C. H. Robinson states that in Hausaland there must be at least 5,000,000 of slaves, the provinces of Bautshi and Adamawa alone having to pay the Sultan of Sokoto an annual tribute of 4,000 slaves.

In a lecture before the American Geographical Society, last winter, I proved by quotations from well-known travelers, officials and missionaries that slavery and the slave-trade still prevail in every portion of the Dark Continent, except in the European settlements of North and South Africa.

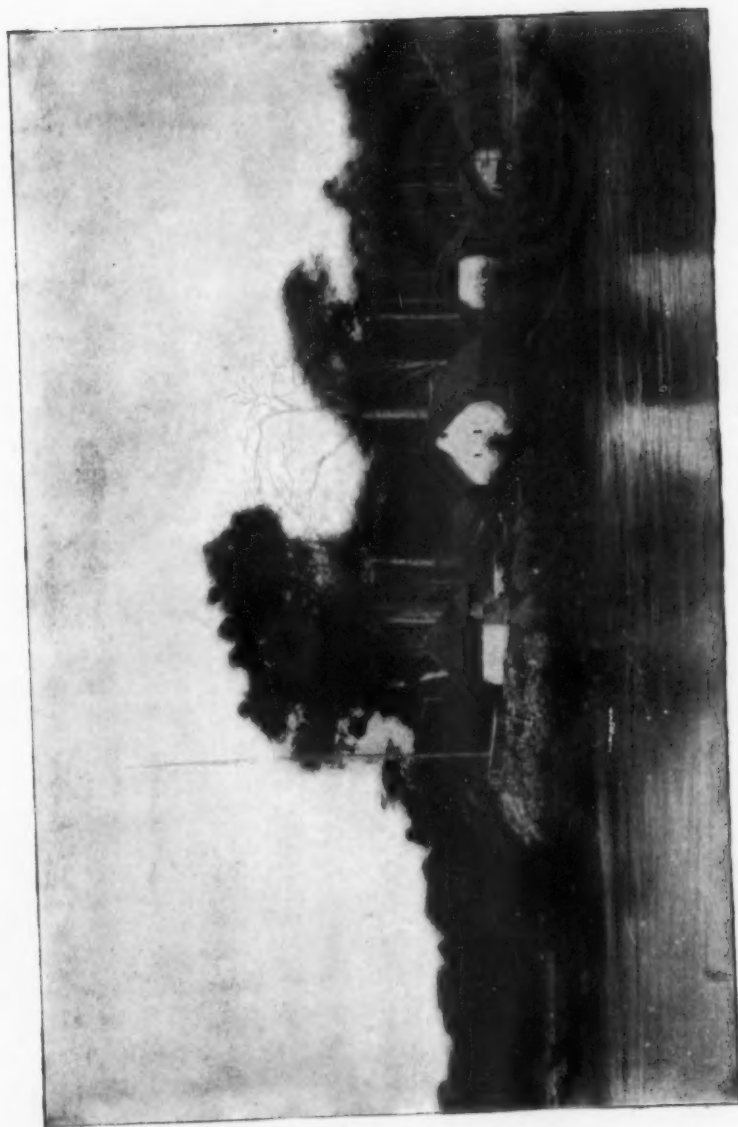
In Old Calabar and elsewhere the slave population far outnumbers the



Horseback ride



Webimba canoe, near Novo Redondo



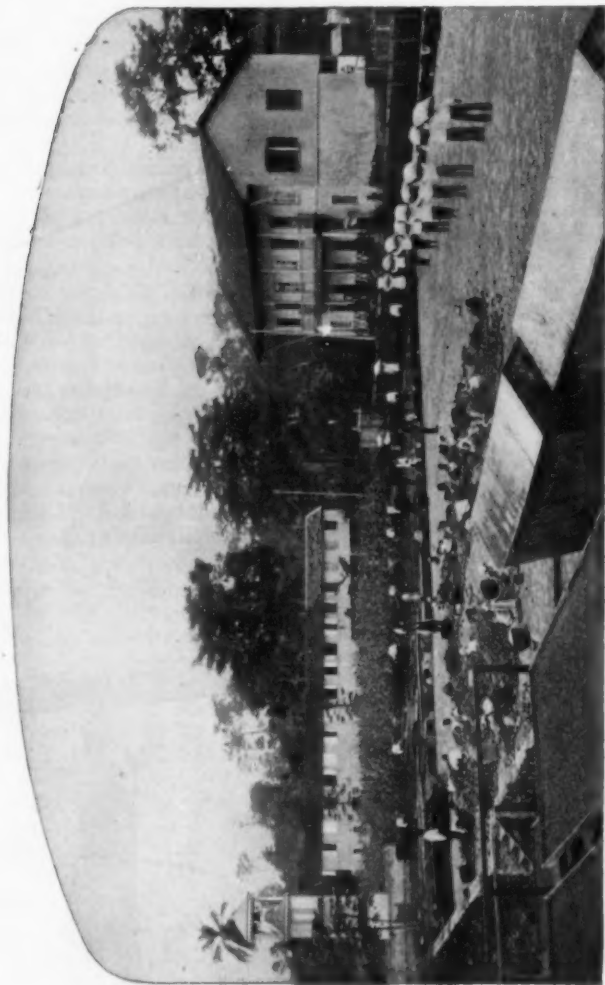
Lucas, at the head of steam navigation on the Kasai river

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free. Is it not safe, then, to admit that one-fifth of Africa's 250 millions are slaves?

The European powers which have partitioned Africa among themselves

all scientific, philanthropic and missionary enterprises seeking to co-operate with them in the removal of these evils. In East Africa, in Nyassaland, and in the Congo State, the leading



Slaves on cocoa plantation

are responsible for what is going on in their colonies and spheres of influence. By the Brussels act of 1892 they are bound to repress the slave-trade, restrict the rum traffic and aid

Arab slave-raiders have been brought to terms. But through the whole length of the Soudan, slave-raids are still going on unchecked; and the slave-trade as carried on by the natives in

the regular working of their social institutions is nowhere seriously interfered with. It is evident that for the healing of this "open sore of the world," as Livingstone called it, repression by force must be accompanied by social reconstruction on a Christian basis. Polygamy must go as well as slavery.

In almost every country of Europe anti-slavery societies, bearing different names, are raising money and equipping workers for the relief of African slaves. The Anti-Slavery Society of Belgium and that of the German Catholics, working hand in hand with the Catholic missions, are studding East Africa and the Congo State with a network of Christian (Catholic) towns, which are largely composed of liberated slaves, turned over to their care by Protestant as well as Catholic governments.

Since the publication of my pamphlet, "The Open Sore of the World" (1896), the Evangelical "Africa Verein" of Berlin, has established a colony of freed slaves in the mountains of Usambara, East Africa; The British Friends have decided to acquire a plantation in the Island of Pemba, where liberated slaves may receive aid and employment; The Swiss Society for the Relief of African Slaves has raised \$10,000 and is about to begin work in Ashanti-Land.

In response to my appeal and personal efforts of the Philafrican Liberator's League, also known as the Philafrican League, was founded in 1896 for the purpose of organizing American participation in this movement for humanity and freedom. The plan of work adopted by the League is approved by the heads of the colonial departments in Europe, and it is pronounced by leading Africanists and missionary authorities to be the best plan ever devised for the purpose in view. Briefly told, it contemplates:

1. The acquisition, by accession from the colonial governments or by purchase from native chief, of suitable lands from which slavery, polygamy,

heathen practices, rum and bad white men are to be excluded.

2. The settlement on this favored land of liberated slaves and free natives, and their education in handicrafts and civilized citizenship, as well as in unsectarian Christianity.

3. The division of station work and town life into four main departments—agricultural, industrial, educational and medical or charitable—each in charge of a competent and devoted expert.

Such towns will be object lessons to all the dark regions around; they will hinder both slavery and slave-trade, and serve as a barrier to the foreign forces of evil.

The chosen field of work of the Philafrican League is the high and salubrious table-land between Benguella and Lake Nyassa. The first station or colony is to be established near the headwaters of the Kuango and Kasai rivers, if possible in the territory of the Ba-Chibokwe, a great nation of hunters, metal workers and slave-raiders, that has not yet been touched by any missionary agency.

This colony will probably be named "Lincoln" in honor of the great American liberator.



A seven year old slave boy

CUPID REGNANT

THE Platonic Club was started by Bella Holmes. She was a trim, sparkling little brunette who was always looking for a new idea, and read a quantity of pessimistic literature. Ted Edmonds was her able second, and entered into the project with enthusiasm. They were quite old friends, and he had once been engaged to a young lady who changed her mind. Bella had built a little romance upon a young man who had dreamy eyes and the bad taste to prefer her best friend, and this gave them a kindred feeling of distrust regarding the opposite sexes. But they decided that they might be friends—platonic friends,—even if they could never think of loving again. Men were pleasant company even if they could not be trusted, Bella concluded, and so the idea of the Club was heartily embraced.

Ted's best friend was Jim Field, and he hastened to lay the matter before him. The object of the Club was to afford mutual amusement, and the only by-law was that no member should harbor thoughts of love or matrimony. Jim was ready for anything that promised to be slightly out of the usual, and so he was the first applicant for membership.

Bella's friend was Saidee Markham, and as she had been reading literature lent her by Bella, she became interested at once and said she would tell her friend, Della Payne, and see if she would join. Della was enchanted, and told her brother, who laughed, and, in turn, told his chum, Frank Lee. As it happened, Lee's affections had lately been lacerated by a little yellow-haired flirt, and he was in a mood to agree that love and matrimony were not for him. So he spoke to Ted about it one day, with the result that he attended the next

meeting at Bella's. Afterwards Bella's cousin, Jennie Holmes, and Frank Lee's roommate, Don Hartley, became members. Then they all agreed that they were so well pleased with the little circle that they would not enlarge it, and a resolution was passed restricting the membership to eight.

They met with Bella, and soon the interest became marked. They discussed all sorts of questions, but always returned to the original one, and ended by declaring again that love and marriage were for the masses, but as for themselves as individuals, they adjured both. Love was a deception, and they would have nought to do with the rosy little god. The real secret of true and continued happiness was friendship. Not friendship founded upon the affections, but the intellect, and having no connection with sex. Sex had nothing to do with true, platonic friendship. Then Bella would play and the others sing, and go home and tell everybody what a delightful time they had at the "Club." Bella and Ted looked upon themselves as the founders, and felt no little pride in the success of their scheme. Especially was Bella pleased because it had been her original idea, and she was constantly reminding him of it. He always stayed a while after the others because he and Bella were such old friends, and they generally had so much to talk about. Then the other men had to walk home with the girls, and he would have a lonely walk anyway. Don Hartley always came and went with Jennie because they lived in the same block, and Field and Frank Lee escorted Saidee and Della because—well, there was no one else to do it. Of course it was a mere accident that each time they happened to escort the same girl.

The Club was a success, and Bella was delighted. Not a member was ever absent until at the end of three months, when the Club received a shock which shook it to the very foundations. Don and Jennie sent in their resignations together. They had changed their minds regarding matrimony, they explained, and Jennie would become Mrs. Don Hartley in a few weeks.

The Club held an indignation meeting, and the delinquents were hotly assailed, but as they were not there to hear, it is to be presumed that they did not mind it in the least. Bella declared they were traitors, and offered a resolution that any other member who intended to change his mind should withdraw then and there. Jim, Ted and Saidee indignantly denied having any idea of changing their views. Della and Frank said nothing, but in the excitement their silence was not noted. Two weeks later they took a trip down to the City Hall, and came back Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lee.

Cupid had scored another victory, and once more indignation faintly expressed Bella's emotions. Ted sympathetically agreed to everything she said. Saidee and Jim were quite as loud in their disapproval. The Club had dwindled to four members, but they soon grew accustomed to the smallness of it, and Jim was heard to declare that in point of numbers it was precisely right. They had little theatre parties and outings, and enjoyed themselves immensely. Someway they fell into a habit of talking of other things, and matrimony was scarcely ever mentioned. Only Bella felt a vague distrust. She did not like to confess it, but she was beginning to think that perhaps there might be something in love after all. Anyway, Frank and Della were ridiculously happy, and Don and Jennie were going to have a lovely wedding. The wedding gown was a dream.

One day in early June they took a

sail up the river and landed to get some flowers. Jim and Saidee wandered off into the meadow and Bella and Ted sat down on the bank watching the sunset and keeping very still. The little waves rippled musically against the stones, and far away over the hills the sun burned red and golden. Bella watched it with a strange, new feeling at her heart. She did not look around at Ted, and she felt that he was looking at the sunset and thinking strange, sweet thoughts, too. Unconsciously her hand moved towards him and then drew back swiftly, for footsteps were approaching.

Saidee and Jim looked flushed and happy. Ted glanced at Bella, and they arose and embraced the newly engaged couple with one accord, for Jim said they loved each other, and—and—well, they were very happy, and—they had changed their views concerning matrimony. Bella kissed Saidee again, and then the lovers wandered away to look for more flowers they did not want, and Bella and Ted sat down on the bank and gazed solemnly across the river. Neither spoke nor moved for a long time, and then they did not look at each other. Bella felt her heart almost stop beating, and the glory of the sunset seemed to come down and infold them like a benediction. The stars were beginning to peep when Ted broke the silence.

"Bella," he said, softly, "I—love you, darling. Let's put an everlasting end to the Club and get married."

Bella's cold fingers nestled into his warm palm.

"All right," she murmured. "Let's."

And Cupid smiled from his ambush, and they thought it was the sunset making the world so fair. There are some things men and women never understand until long after they have faded into night, as did the sunset.

JULIA M. WINTZ.

SOCRATES SNOOKS.

Mister Socrates Snooks, a lord of creation,
The second time entered the married relation;
Xantippe Caloric accepted his hand,
And they thought him the happiest man in the land.
But scarce had the honeymoon passed o'er his head,
When one morning to Xantippe, Socrates said,
"I think for a man in my standing in life,
This house is too small, as I now have a wife.
So, as early as possible, carpenter Carey
Shall be sent for to widen my house and my dairy."

"Now Socrates dearest," Xantippe replied,
"I hate to hear everything vulgarly *my'd*;
Now whenever you speak of your chattels again,
Say *our* cow-house, *our* barn-yard, *our* pig-pen."
"By your leave, Mrs. Snooks, I will say what I please
Of *my* houses, *my* land, *my* garden, *my* trees."
"Say *our*," Xantippe exclaimed in a rage.
"I won't, Mrs. Snooks, though you ask it an age!"
Oh, woman! though only a part of man's rib,
If the story in Genesis don't tell a fib,
Should your naughty companion e'er quarrel with you,
You are certain to prove the best man of the two.
In the following case this was certainly true;
For the lovely Xantippe just pulled off her shoe,
And laying about her, all sides at random,
The adage was verified—"Nil desperandum."

Mister Socrates Snooks, after trying in vain,
To ward off the blows which descended like rain—
Concluded that valor's best part was discretion.
Crept under the bed like a terrified Hessian;
But the dauntless Xantippe, not one whit afraid,
Converted the siege into a blockade.
At last, after reasoning the thing in his pate,
He concluded 'twas useless to strive against fate:
And so, like a tortoise protruding his head,
Said, "My dear, may we come out from under *our* bed?"
"Hah! hah!" she exclaimed, "Mr. Socrates Snooks,
I perceive you agree to my terms by your looks;
Now Socrates—hear me—from this happy hour,
If you'll only obey me, I'll never look sour."

'Tis said the next Sabbath, ere going to church,
He chanced for a clean pair of trousers to search:
Having found them, he asked, with a few nervous twitches,
"My dear, may we put on *our* new Sunday breeches?"

ANON.

WISDOM AND PLUCK

EMMALA

Dr. Warding was very proud of his eldest daughter, Josephine. And well he might be, for she had a wise head on those young shoulders of hers. She was one of the few who profit by the experience of others. In romping childhood she never stumped her toe on the same rock a playmate had. She skipped over and around or tossed it aside, without ever a check in her laughter, song or chatter.

In girlhood—well, all girls spend most of their girlhood in dreamland, building "castles in the air" that they are to inhabit by and by. How it is to all come about does not enter their heads:

Some fairy godmother
Will transport them thither,
Or somehow or other
They will get whither
They wish to be.

Like the rest, Josephine built castles, dreamed dreams; but she was one of the exceptions that prove the rule, in that when her dreams were dreamed she set that wise little head of hers to work to find out how to fulfill them. Taking note of the stumbling stones of those that stumble, she skips over or goes around if she cannot move them out of the way.

Ah! it is sad to think how many of the stumbling stones of life cannot be moved out of its pathway. The thoughtless must stumble on with stumped toes, and those who love them must help them bear their burdens.

Josephine was as bright and pretty as she was wise. So several young men in the village thought. Tom Haralson, the telegraph operator at the depot, was desperately in love with her; but having a good supply of that

rare article, common-sense, he knew he could not ask her to be his wife on the salary of an operator at a small station, and so thought it scarcely fair to make love to her. He would wait until he could get a better place, whenever that would be. But, anyway, he loved her too much to be selfish. If another could win her love who was able to bestow upon her the good things of life, he would not raise so much as a little finger to prevent it; his love was too great for that. He would bid them "Godspeed," and go on his way well content, if only she were happy. Now, don't smile; he honestly thought he would, as he thought it out alone at night in the office.

And he did, faithfully, try to hide his love from Josephine, but you know, and I know, that eyes were ever tell-tale-tits.

Now for my story. It is the first of May, that loveliest of all the lovely seasons in our fair Southland, and the young folks of the village are going to have a May-day party. There will be a queen crowned, and songs and recitations, and then a general merry-making.

The girls and boys have been busy as bees trimming the hall and getting things ready. A crowd of them are just starting for the woods after flowers. That dark-haired girl on the front seat of the wagon is Josephine.

As Tom Haralson sees the merry party drive past the depot, he realizes just how well-content he would be in bidding her Godspeed as the wife of a richer man than himself. She is sitting beside handsome Mark Thornton, the son of the richest man in town; and it

is well the horses are gentle, for Mark is paying decidedly more attention to the girl at his side than to them.

Tom sees the look of fond admiration with which he hands her a rose that has dropped from her throat, also the smiling thanks she returns, just as she gives him a careless little nod of recognition. His hand clinches and he knows he could throttle Mark Thornton with joy. Turning on his heel he goes back to his work with set lips and a look in his eyes that is not good to see.

All day long a bewitching picture of a girl in a dainty spring suit with red roses at her throat is before him. Gazing at it, he tries to plan his life between the messages—'tis a wonder that some train was not sent wrong that day. He has found, in the brief space of a smile, that he cannot stand calmly by and see another man, be he ever so rich, claim as his own the girl he loves; the very thought, now, chokes him with jealousy.

What can he do, then? He cannot marry on his present wages—that is certain. Then the thought comes, We are both young; if I can gain her love we can wait. Ah! if she should love me. Blessed thought—if she should love me! I can wait through all the ages to win her at last. Then another thought intrudes itself: What if Mark Thornton should propose to her to-day? Great heaven! What if she should say yes? She had smiled at Mark; only nodded at him.

Ah, Tom, Cupid has conquered and Old Dame Common-sense has trotted off.

All day he plans and thinks.

The sun sinks behind the hills at last, and the stars come twinkling out. The streets of the little town are filled with the merry chatter of laughing crowds going to the hall.

Mark had not proposed, but he had asked to see Josephine to the party. So that is why Tom looks so glum as he stalks by himself into the hall at rather a late hour. He does not join in the general

merry-making, but stands a looker-on at the feast, watching a certain bright little figure darting about, here and there, intent on the affairs of the occasion. At last he sees her join a group of girls in an out-of-the-way window, near where he is standing. At the same time he sees Thornton start in that direction from the opposite side of the room. Giving him one defiant look, he is by her side in an instant, saying:

"Good evening, Miss Harding, I insist on leading you to that chair over there and placing you on it; you do not know how to spare yourself."

"Indeed, I do," she laughingly replies. "No need of insisting; I will go with pleasure, and take possession at once."

Laughing and chatting, they walk off together, just as Mark joins the group. This bit of triumph raises Tom's spirits from zero to summer heat. And the sweet little somethings he whispers make

"Roses and lilies play hide and seek
On the pretty maiden's cheek."

The party over, the young people start for home, leaving the older ones to bring up the rear with the children.

Surely, Mark Thornton, this absent-minded maid, with heart all a flutter, is not the same that you carried to the party—so merrily bright, chatting of the affairs of the evening—her heart, asleep, nestled within the rosebud of girlhood! Ah! no; she is not the same. 'Tis Josephine—Josephine Harding—I know. But the Josephine you carried there was a girl; the one you are bringing home is a woman. The sunshine of love has kissed the petals, and, lo! the bud is a rose. And the newly awakened heart is in a quiver of delight with the first sensation of waking.

Mark is not so gay, either. Haralson's devoted attentions have roused the green-eyed monster in his breast. He feels there is no more time for dallying; he must win now or lose forever. Alas! young man, your chance has already slipped through your fingers—your suit is hopeless.

This she tells him in sweeter, gentler tones than her voice had known two hours ago. A heart in love mellows quickly and feels a kindly feeling for all that love.

But a rejection is a rejection all the same, be it ever so tender. So thinks Mark as he wends his way homeward, after bidding her good-night at her father's door.

Tom walks home on air. He had not asked her in plain words if she loved him. His eyes had questioned, and those naughty telltale-tits of hers had peeked through the long dark lashes and told what they should not have told, as telltale-tits has a habit of doing. And for a little while he let his joy hide the difficulties in his way.

Wednesday evening he is to take her to prayer meeting, if there is not an extra out. The Fates are kind and he closes his office as soon as 149, the last train for that night, pulls out and hurries down the street to Dr. Harding's pretty little cottage. Josephine is waiting for him, with hat and gloves on. There is little said on the way to church. Service over, they leave the crowd to their friendly greetings and pass out alone. The night is beautiful with her veil of silvery moonbeams draped about her. The very beauty around them inspires Tom with courage to tell of his love; and the moon, in sweet consideration, hides behind a passing cloud, while the maiden, answering, tells of hers.

They linger on the vine-covered porch to say good-night. Tom, with her hand in his, stoops to kiss her.

Quickly drawing back, she shakes her head, saying, "No, no, Tom; no kissing."

Tom draws back, too, astonished, then, bent low, with all the love-light he could muster in his eyes, whispered: "Surely, darling—my own darling, for did you not promise, but just now to be mine—mine forever?—you will give me a kiss: if only to seal our betrothal." Putting his hand under her chin, he raises her face so he can see straight into her eyes.

They are laughing; his blank astonishment at her decided "No; I will not, Tom," amuses her.

Straight into her eyes he looks for one moment, then steps back, and, with folded hands, looks down at her, oh, so tenderly! as she stands with eyes cast down, now. Thus he stood for a full moment more, then, in slow, impressive tones, he said:

"Can you give me yourself and refuse me a kiss?"

"Now, Tom," she answered, raising her eyes to his, "that is just where you make a mistake." Her lids droop again, as she adds, "I have only promised, as yet, to be yours; now, you see, the kiss must only be promised, too."

Seeing she had the best of the argument, he ceased to argue, and said: "I cannot understand, if you love me, why you will not kiss me."

"It is no use talking, Tom," she answered firmly: "long ago I vowed a vow that no man save my husband should ever kiss me, and I intend to keep it."

"Of course, Josephine, I would not have you kiss any one but me; kissing me will not be breaking your vow. I will be that fortunate man some day—it is all the same."

The spirit of mischief takes possession of her and, shaking her head, she saucily replied:

"No it isn't, either—many a slip 'twixt cup and lip. Good-night, now, I must be getting in or papa will be coming out to see what's the matter," extending her hand.

Smiling he takes it in both of his. "Good-night, you little despot," he said; "your slave knows naught but to obey."

See! she has skipped over that stone—that ugly stone—"familiar courtship." Jagged it is—sharp and many sided; but so hidden in the mist of the joy-clouds that hang round it, o'er it and all about it that many toes are stumped thereon, and sometimes the pain ceases not till they have passed life's portal.

I suspect she has had a friend who, being fickle, or having had fickle beaux, has confided to her that "It is simply awful to meet Dick or Harry since things are different, you know." So Josephine, thinking to avoid like disagreeableness, vows her vow. Wise little woman she—wiser than she knew.

We haven't time to follow her winding path, so will cut across the fields, while she goes on her way, avoiding the stones she sees, stumbling sometimes over a hidden one, lending a helping hand when she can, taking one when she needs it—her young life filled with love and happiness.

The seasons came and went; not like stately maidens, gliding round our globe with old, gray-bearded Winter in their wake, but like romping children chased down hill by a frolicsome youth, so quickly did they come and go.

One May-day has passed since we met them, and another is almost here, and Tom is still operator at the depot, with no better prospects than he had two years ago. He grows desperate sometimes at his luck, and finds he can no more wait patiently through the ages than he could see her another's well content, howsoever happy she might be.

Poor Tom, with plenty of brain, capable and willing, has got stuck in the mud and can't pull himself out. The truth is, there is just a short measure of pluck in his make-up. Josephine has made this discovery, and believes it is all that holds him down. Now, of this ingredient this little lady's composition has a heaped measure. If she could give him of her abundance their future would be assured.

'Tis Wednesday evening, and, as usual, Tom comes to take her to prayer meeting. On the way they discuss his chances for a better position. "Now," he said, "if I only had some-one of influence to speak for me, I might get a better place I feel and know that I am capable of better things, that I am wasting the time and talent God has given me; and yet what

can I do? I haven't the face, occupying the position I do, to go and ask the superintendent—by-the-way, he will be here to-morrow—for any job worth having. He'd take me for a conceited fool."

"I don't see why," she interrupts. "If I were a man I'd ask for what I wanted."

"You'd be sure to get it, bewitching little sprite."

"Hush your nonsense, Tom. I am talking business," she said, with a touch of impatience in her voice. "I am sure he could but refuse. But that is just it; you great big men, that can face a lion if need be, are arrant cowards when it comes to facing the possibility of that little word 'No.'"

"I don't know," Tom laughingly replied, "about facing a lion—never tried it. But I'll own up that the bare idea of a refusal makes me sick to my boots. I never was blessed with cheek."

Just here the rest of the family overtook them, and the conversation became general.

That night the other members of the household retired early, leaving Dr. Harding alone with Josephine. Calling her to him, he put his hand on her shoulder and said: "My child, I trust you know I love you too much to pain you needlessly, and enough to cut deep despite the pain if I think it necessary for your welfare. Some months ago I gave my consent to your engagement with Mr. Haralson, believing the young man, though occupying so poor a place then, had ability and would rise; but I begin to fear there is something lacking. He has good habits, I know, but something else is needed. I have no idea of allowing you to marry a namby-pamby man who is willing to tend geese or mind calves all his life—not a bit of it; and I withdraw my consent until he has proven the ability I gave him credit for when I gave it."

Josephine looked at him bewildered, as she said, "I do not understand you, papa."

"I mean just this, my child; your

engagement must be broken off until Mr. Haralson proves that he is worthy of you by putting himself in a position to suitably provide for you."

The girl is dumb with astonishment. Before she recovers her wits he has stooped and kissed her, saying: "Good-night, my daughter; return his ring and gifts and send him to me for an explanation." If he had struck her a heavy blow he could not have stunned her more. She did not know he was leaving her until the click of the door, as it shut behind him, roused her. Reaching out her hand toward him, she cried, "Oh, papa! papa! I cannot," and sank into a chair.

It was not in Josephine's nature to remain limp long; in a little while she had gathered up her energies, taken her lamp and gone to her room, there to spend a sleepless night, her busy brain thinking, thinking. She could not give up her lover and she must obey her father. How is she to manage it? The superintendent would be there to-morrow and something must be done. That was their chance.

To-morrow came just as bright and beautiful as if there were no troubled hearts under the sun. Josephine put on her hat for a walk by the depot. She knew Tom would join her and she would urge him again to speak to the superintendent. Walking down the side of the track, with head down, she hears approaching footsteps; looking up, who should she see but that same superintendent.

"I am a great mind to speak to him for Tom myself," she said, half aloud. Poor Tom, he will never have the cheek, as he calls it, to do it himself, and what is the use of loving one if you can't help them when they need it? It's not the proper thing for a girl to do, I know, but desperate cases need desperate measures."

Just then the superintendent raises his hat and bows. To his utter astonishment the strange lady extends her hand, saying:

"This is Mr. Hopkins, I believe, the superintendent of this road; I am Jo-

sephine Harding, and I wish to speak to you about a friend of mine in your employ."

He took the extended hand and courteously replied: "Glad to meet you, Miss Harding, and shall be pleased to hear anything you have to say."

Josephine is in for it now, and I tell you it takes all her superabundance of pluck to carry her through, but through she goes, and at the end received the promise her pluck deserved. That he would look into it, and if he found the young man deserving and capable he would advance him as fast as possible for the sake of the plucky girl who had asked it. No, if she wished it, he would never let him know he had been spoken to about him.

Josephine thanked him as she bade him good-morning, perfectly satisfied with the promise, for she believed in Tom, and future results proved her faith well founded.

In less than a month Tom was train dispatcher, and the first of May was set for the wedding day, for Dr. Harding thought it was Tom that got the place, and so did Tom, for that matter. But there was never any need for regret. Once having his ability, as he thought, recognized, gave him self-confidence that made up for his lack of pluck.

Up, up he went as the years rolled by until Josephine rode in the president's car when she came to visit her home.

And the old inhabitants, remembering years ago, looked after them, saying: "Lucky man, Tom Haralson," never knowing it was the plucky woman, Josephine Harding, that gave the ball the first kick up hill and the man's ability and merit that had kept it going ever since.

Josephine, wise little woman that she is, has never revealed the secret of her husband's success, not even to him; but the superintendent whispered it to me one day, and you see I have "blabbed."

TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM

BY T. S. ARTHUR

Founder of this Magazine

NIGHT THE FIRST

THE "SICKLE AND THE SHEAF"

Reprinted in compliance with requests from old subscribers

Ten years ago, business required me to pass a day in Cedarville. It was late in the afternoon when the stage set me down at the "Sickle and Sheaf," a new tavern, just opened by a new landlord, in a new house, built with the special end of providing "accommodations for man and beast." As I stepped from the dusty old vehicle in which I had been jolted along a rough road for some thirty miles, feeling tired and hungry, the good-natured face of Simon Slade, the landlord, beaming as it did with a hearty welcome, was really a pleasant sight to see, and the grasp of his hand was like that of a true friend.

I felt, as I entered the new and neatly furnished sitting-room adjoining the bar, that I had indeed found a comfortable resting-place after my wearisome journey.

"All as nice as a new pin," said I, approvingly, as I glanced around the room, up at the ceiling—white as the driven snow—and over the handsomely carpeted floor. "Haven't seen anything so inviting as this. How long have you been open?"

"Only a few months," answered the gratified landlord. "But we are not yet in good going order. It takes time, you know, to bring every thing into the right shape. Have you dined yet?"

"No. Everything looked so dirty

at the stage-house, where we stopped to get dinner, that I couldn't venture upon the experiment of eating. How long before your supper will be ready?"

"In an hour," replied the landlord.

"That will do. Let me have a nice piece of tender steak, and the loss of dinner will soon be forgotten."

"You shall have that, cooked fit for an alderman," said the landlord. "I call my wife the best cook in Cedarville."

As he spoke, a neatly dressed girl, about sixteen years of age, with rather an attractive countenance, passed through the room.

"My daughter," said the landlord, as she vanished through the door. There was a sparkle of pride in the father's eyes, and a certain tenderness in the tones of his voice, as he said "My daughter," that told me she was very dear to him.

"You are a happy man to have so fair a child," said I, speaking more in compliment than with a careful choice of words.

"I am a happy man," was the landlord's smiling answer, his fair, round face, unwrinkled by a line of care or trouble, beaming with self-satisfaction. "I have always been a happy man, and always expect to be. Simon Slade takes the world as it comes, and takes it easy. My son, sir," he added,

as a boy, in his twelfth year, came in. "Speak to the gentleman."

The boy lifted to mine a pair of deep blue eyes, from which innocence beamed, as he offered me his hand, and said, respectfully—"How do you do, sir?" I could not but remark the girl-like beauty of his face, in which the hardier firmness of the boy's character was already visible.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Frank, sir."

"Frank is his name," said the landlord—"we called him after his uncle. Frank and Flora—the names sound pleasant to our ears. But, you know parents are apt to be a little partial and over fond."

"Better that extreme than its opposite," I remarked.

"Just what I always say. Frank, my son,"—the landlord spoke to the boy—"there's some one in the bar. You can wait on him as well as I can."

The lad glided from the room in ready obedience.

"A handy boy that, sir; a very handy boy. Almost as good in the bar as a man. He mixes a toddy or punch just as well as I can."

"But," I suggested, "are you not a little afraid of placing one so young in the way of temptation?"

"Temptation!" The open brows of Simon Slade contracted a little. "No, sir!" he replied, emphatically. "The till is safer under his care than it would be in that of one man in ten. The boy comes, sir, of honest parents. Simon Slade never wronged anybody out of a farthing."

"Oh," I said, quickly, "you altogether misapprehend me. I had no reference to the till, but to the bottle."

The landlord's brows were instantly unbent, and a broad smile circled over his good-humored face.

"Is that all? Nothing to fear, I can assure you. Frank has no taste for liquor, and might pour it out for months without a drop finding its way to his lips. Nothing to apprehend there, sir—nothing."

I saw that further suggestions of danger would be useless, and so remained silent. The arrival of a traveler called away the landlord, and I was left alone for observation and reflection. The bar adjoined the neat sitting-room, and I could see, through the open door, the customer upon whom the lad was attending. He was a well-dressed young man—or rather boy, for he did not appear to be over nineteen years of age—with a fine, intelligent face, that was already slightly marred by sensual indulgence. He raised the glass to his lips, with a quick, almost eager motion, and drained it at a single draught.

"Just right," said he, tossing a sixpence to the young bar-tender. "You are first-rate at a brandy-toddy. Never drank a better in my life."

The lad's smiling face told that he was gratified by the compliment. To me the sight was painful, for I saw that this youthful tippler was on dangerous ground.

"Who is that young man in the bar?" I asked, a few minutes afterward, on being rejoined by the landlord.

Simon Slade stepped to the door and looked into the bar for a moment.

Two or three men were there by this time; but he was at no loss in answering my question.

"Oh, that's a son of Judge Hammond, who lives in the large brick house just as you enter the village. Willy Hammond, as everybody familiarly calls him, is about the finest young man in our neighborhood. There is nothing proud or put-on about him—nothing—even if his father is a judge, and rich into the bargain. Every one, gentle or simple, likes Willy Hammond. And then he is such good company. Always so cheerful, and always with a pleasant story on his tongue. And he's so high-spirited, withal, and so honorable. Willy Hammond would lose his right hand rather than be guilty of a mean action."

"Landlord!" The voice came loud

from the road in front of the house, and Simon Slade again left me to answer the demands of some new-comer. I went into the bar-room, in order to take a closer observation of Willy Hammond, in whom an interest, not unmingled with concern, had already been awakened in my mind. I found him engaged in a pleasant conversation with a plain-looking farmer, whose homely, terse, common sense was quite as conspicuous as his fine play of words and lively fancy. The farmer was a substantial conservative, and young Hammond a warm admirer of new ideas and the quicker adaptation of means to ends. I soon saw that his mental powers were developed beyond his years, while his personal qualities were strongly attractive. I understood better, after being a silent listener and observer for ten minutes, why the landlord had spoken of him so warmly.

"Take a brandy-toddy, Mr. H——?" said Hammond, after the discussion closed, good humoredly. "Frank, our junior bar-keeper here, beats his father, in that line."

"I don't care if I do," returned the farmer; and the two passed up to the bar.

"Now, Frank, my boy, don't belie my praises," said the young man; "do your handsomest."

"Two brandy-toddies, did you say?" Frank made the inquiry with quite a professional air.

"Just what I did say; and let them be equal to Jove's nectar."

Pleased at this familiarity, the boy went briskly to his work of mixing the tempting compound, while Hammond looked on with an approving smile.

"There," said the latter, as Frank passed the glasses across the counter, "if you don't call that first-rate, you're no judge." And he handed one of them to the farmer, who tasted the agreeable draught, and praised its flavor. As before, I noticed that Hammond drank eagerly, like one athirst

—emptying his glass without once taking it from his lips.

Soon after the bar-room was empty; and then I walked around the premises, in company with the landlord, and listened to his praise of every thing and his plans and purposes for the future. The house, yard, garden, and out-buildings were in the most perfect order; presenting, in the whole, a model of a village tavern.

"Whatever I do, sir," said the talkative Simon Slade, "I like to do well. I wasn't just raised to tavern-keeping, you must know; but I'm one who can turn his hand to almost anything."

"What was your business?" I inquired.

"I'm a miller, sir, by trade," he answered—"and a better miller, though I say it myself, is not to be found in Bolton county. I've followed milling these twenty years, and made some little money. But I got tired of hard work, and determined to lead an easier life. So I sold my mill and built this house with the money. I always thought I'd like tavern-keeping. It's an easy life; and, if rightly seen after, one in which a man is sure to make money."

"You were still doing a fair business with your mill?"

"Oh, yes. Whatever I do, I do right. Last year, I put by a thousand dollars above all expenses, which is not bad, I can assure you, for a mere grist mill. If the present owner comes out even, he'll do well!"

"How is that?"

"Oh, he's no miller. Give him the best wheat that is grown, and he'll ruin it in grinding. He takes the life out of every grain. I don't believe he'll keep half the custom that I transferred with the mill."

"A thousand dollars, clear profit, in so useful a business, ought to have satisfied you," said I.

"There you and I differ," answered the landlord. "Every man desires to make as much money as possible, and with the least labor. I hope to make two or three thousand dollars a year,

over and above all expenses, at tavern-keeping. My bar alone ought to yield me that sum. A man with a wife and children very naturally tries to do as well by them as possible."

"Very true; but," I ventured to suggest, "will this be doing as well by them as if you had kept on at the mill?"

"Two or three thousand dollars a year against one thousand! Where are your figures, man?"

"There may be something beyond the money to take into the account," said I.

"What?" inquired Slade, with a kind of half credulity.

"Consider the different influences of the two callings in life—that of a miller and a tavern-keeper."

"Well! say on."

"Will your children be as safe from temptation here as in their former home?"

"Just as safe," was the unhesitating answer. "Why not?"

I was about to speak of the alluring glass in the case of Frank, but remembering that I had already expressed a fear in that direction, felt that to do so again would be useless, and so kept silent.

"A tavern-keeper," said Slade, "is just as respectable as a miller—in fact, the very people who used to call me 'Simon' or 'Neighbor Dustycoat,' now say 'Landlord,' or 'Mr. Slade,' and treat me in every way more as if I were an equal than ever they did before."

"The change," said I, "may be due to the fact of your giving evidence of possessing some means. Men are very apt to be courteous to those who have property. The building of the tavern has, without doubt, contributed to the new estimation in which you are held."

"That isn't all," replied the landlord. "It is because I am keeping a good tavern, and thus materially advancing the interests of Cedarville, that some of my best people look at me with different eyes."

"Advancing the interests of Cedarville! In what way?" I did not apprehend his meaning.

"A good tavern always draws people to a place, while a miserable old tumble-down of an affair, badly kept, such as we have had for years, as surely repels them. You can generally tell something about the condition of a town by looking at its taverns. If they are well kept, and doing a good business, you will hardly be wrong in the conclusion that the place is thriving. Why, already, since I built and opened the 'Sickle and Sheaf,' property has advanced over twenty per cent. along the whole street, and not less than five new houses have been commenced."

"Other causes, besides the simple opening of a new tavern, may have contributed to this result," said I.

"None of which I am aware. I was talking with Judge Hammond only yesterday—he owns a great deal of ground on the street—and he did not hesitate to say, that the building and opening of a good tavern here had increased the value of his property at least five thousand dollars. He said, moreover, that he thought the people of Cedarville ought to present me with a silver pitcher; and that, for one, he would contribute ten dollars for the purpose."

The ringing of the supper bell interrupted further conversation; and with the best of appetites, I took my way to the room, where a plentiful meal was spread. As I entered, I met the wife of Simon Slade, just passing out, after seeing that everything was in order. I had not observed her before; and now could not help remarking that she had a flushed, excited countenance, as if she had been over a hot fire, and was both worried and fatigued. And there was, moreover, a peculiar expression of the mouth, never observed in one whose mind is entirely at ease—an expression that once seen is never forgotten. The face stamped itself, instantly, on my memory; and I can even now recall it with almost the

original distinctness. How strongly it contrasted with that of her smiling, self-satisfied husband, who took his place at the head of his table with an air of conscious importance. I was too hungry to talk much, and so found greater enjoyment in eating than in conversation. The landlord had a more chatty guest by his side, and I left them to entertain each other, while I did ample justice to the excellent food with which the table was liberally provided.

After supper I went to the sitting room, and remained there until the lamps were lighted. A newspaper occupied my time for perhaps half an hour; then the buzz of voices from the adjoining bar-room, which had been increasing for some time, attracted my attention, and I went in there to see and hear what was passing. The first person upon whom my eyes rested was young Hammond, who sat talking with a man older than himself by several years. At a glance, I saw that this man could only associate himself with Willy Hammond as a tempter. Unscrupulous selfishness was written all over his sinister countenance; and I wondered that it did not strike every one, as it did me, with instant repulsion. There could not be, I felt certain, any common ground of association, for two such persons but the dead-level of a village bar-room. I afterward learned, during the evening, that this man's name was Harvey Green, and that he was an occasional visitor at Cedarville, remaining a few days, or a few weeks at a time, as appeared to suit his fancy, and having no ostensible business or special acquaintance with anybody in the village.

"There is one thing about him," remarked Simon Slade, in answering some question I put in reference to the man, "that I don't object to; he has plenty of money, and is not at all niggardly in spending it. He used to come here, so he told me, about once in five or six months; but his stay at the miserably kept tavern, the only

one then in Cedarville, was so uncomfortable, that he had pretty well made up his mind never to visit us again. Now, however, he has engaged one of my best rooms, for which he pays me by the year, and I am to charge him full board for the time he occupies it. He says that there is something about Cedarville that always attracts him; and that his health is better while here than it is anywhere, except South during the winter season. He'll not leave less than two or three hundred dollars a year in our village—there is one item, for you, of advantage to a place in having a good tavern."

"What is his business?" I asked. "Is he engaged in any trading operations?"

The landlord shrugged his shoulders and looked very mysterious, as he answered:

"I never inquire about the business of a guest. My calling is to entertain strangers. If they are pleased with my house, and pay my bills on presentation, I have no right to seek further. As a miller, I never asked a customer whether he raised, bought or stole his wheat. It was my business to grind it, and I took care to do it well. Beyond that, it was all his own affair. And so it will be in my new calling. I shall mind my own business and keep my own place."

Besides young Hammond and this Harvey Green, there were in the bar-room, when I entered, four others besides the landlord. Among these was a Judge Lyman—so he was addressed—a man between forty and fifty years of age, who had a few weeks before received the Democratic nomination for member of Congress. He was very talkative and very affable, and soon formed a kind of center of attraction to the bar-room circle. Among other topics of conversation that came up was the new tavern, introduced by the landlord, in whose mind it was, very naturally, the uppermost thought.

"The only wonder to me is," said Judge Lyman, "that nobody had wit

enough to see the advantage of a good tavern in Cedarville ten years ago, or enterprise enough to start one. I give our friend Slade the credit of being a shrewd, far-seeing man; and, mark my word for it, in ten years from today he will be the richest man in the county."

"Nonsense—Ho! ho!" Simon Slade laughed outright. "The richest man! You forget Judge Hammond."

"No, not even Judge Hammond, with all deference for our clever friend Willy," and Judge Lyman smiled pleasantly on the young man.

"If he gets richer, somebody will be poorer!" The individual who uttered these words had not spoken before, and I turned to look at him more closely. A glance showed him to be one of a class seen in all bar-rooms; a poor, broken-down inebriate, with the inward power of resistance gone—conscious of having no man's respect, and giving respect to none. There was a shrewd twinkle in his eyes as he fixed them on Slade, that gave added force to the peculiar tone in which his brief but telling sentence was uttered. I noticed a slight contraction on the landlord's ample forehead, the first evidence I had yet seen of ruffled feelings. The remark, thrown in so untimely (or timely, some will say), and with a kind of prophetic malice, produced a temporary pause in the conversation. No one answered or questioned the intruder, who, I could perceive, silently enjoyed the effect of his words. But soon the obstructed current ran on again.

"If our excellent friend, Mr. Slade," said Harvey Green, "is not the richest man in Cedarville at the end of ten years, he will at least enjoy the satisfaction of having made his town richer."

"A true word that," replied Judge Lyman—"as true a word as ever was spoken. What a dead-and-alive place this has been until within the last few months. All vigorous growth had stopped, and we were actually going to seed."

"And the graveyard, too," muttered the individual who had before disturbed the self-satisfied harmony of the company, remarking upon the closing sentence of Harvey Green. "Come, landlord," he added, as he strode across to the bar, speaking in a changed, reckless sort of way, "fix me up a good hot whisky-punch, and do it right; and there's another sixpence toward the fortune you are bound to make. It's the last one left—not a copper more in my pockets," and he turned them inside-out, with a half-solemn, half-ludicrous air. "I send it to keep company in your till with four others that have found their way into that snug place since morning, and which will be lonesome without their little friend."

I looked at Simon Slade; his eyes rested on mine for a moment or two, and then sunk beneath my earnest gaze. I saw that his countenance flushed, and that his motions were slightly confused. The incident, it was plain, did not awaken agreeable thoughts. Once I saw his hand move toward the sixpence that lay upon the counter; but whether to push it back or draw it toward the till, I could not determine. The whisky-punch was in due time ready, and with it the man retired to a table across the room, and sat down to enjoy the tempting beverage. As he did so, the landlord quietly swept the poor unfortunate's last sixpence into his drawer. The influence of this strong potation was to render the man a little more talkative. To the free conversation passing around him he lent an attentive ear, dropping in a word, now and then, that always told upon the company like a well-directed blow. At last, Slade lost all patience with him, and said, a little fretfully:

"Look here, Joe Morgan, if you will be ill-natured, pray go somewhere else, and not interrupt good feeling among gentlemen."

"Got my last sixpence," retorted Joe, turning his pockets inside-out again. "No more use for me here to-

night. That's the way of the world. How apt a scholar is our good friend Dustycoat, in this new school! Well, he was a good miller—no one ever disputed that—and it's plain to see that he is going to make a good landlord. I thought his heart was a little too soft; but the indurating process has begun, and, in less than ten years, if it isn't as hard as one of his old millstones, Joe Morgan is no prophet. Oh, you needn't knit your brows, so, friend Simon, we're old friends; and friends are privileged to speak plain."

"I wish you'd go home. You're not yourself, to-night," said the landlord, a little coaxingly, for he saw that nothing was to be gained by quarreling with Morgan. "Maybe my heart is growing harder," he added, with affected good-humor; and it is time, perhaps. One of my weaknesses, I have heard even you say, was being too woman-hearted."

"No danger of that now," retorted Joe Morgan. "I've known a good many landlords in my time, but can't remember one that was troubled with the disease that once afflicted you."

Just at this moment the outer door was pushed open with a slow, hesitating motion; then a little pale face peered in, and a pair of soft blue eyes went searching about the room. Conversation was instantly hushed, and every face, excited with interest, turned toward the child, who had now stepped through the door. She was not over ten years of age; but it moved the heart to look upon the saddened expression of her young countenance, and the forced bravery therein, that scarcely overcame the native timidity so touchingly visible.

"Father!" I have never heard this word spoken in a voice that sent such a thrill along every nerve. It was full of sorrowful love—full of a tender concern that had its origin too deep for the heart of a child. As she spoke, the little one sprang across the room, and laying her hands upon the arm of Joe Morgan, lifted her eyes, that were

ready to gush over with tears, to his face.

"Come, father! won't you come home?" I hear that low, pleading voice even now, and my heart gives a quicker throb. Poor child! Darkly shadowed was the sky that bent gloomily over thy young life.

Morgan arose, and suffered the child to lead him from the room. He seemed passive in her hands. I noticed that he thrust his fingers nervously into his pocket, and that a troubled look went over his face as they were withdrawn. His last sixpence was in the till of Simon Slade!

The first man who spoke was Harvey Green, and this not for a minute after the father and his child had vanished through the door.

"If I was in your place, landlord"—his voice was cold and unfeeling—"I'd pitch that fellow out of the bar-room the next time he stepped through the door. He's no business here, in the first place; and, in the second, he doesn't know how to behave himself. There's no telling how much a vagabond like him injures a respectable house."

"I wish he would stay away," said Simon, with a perplexed air.

"I'd make him stay away," answered Green.

"That may be easier said than done," remarked Judge Lyman. "Our friend keeps a public-house, and can't just say who shall or shall not come into it."

"But such a fellow has no business here. He's a good-for-nothing sot. If I kept a tavern, I'd refuse to sell him liquor."

"That you might do," said Judge Lyman; and I presume your hint will not be lost on our friend Slade."

"He will have liquor so long as he can get a cent to buy it with," remarked one of the company; "and I don't see why our landlord here, who has gone to so much expense to fit up a tavern, shouldn't have the sale of it as well as anybody else. Joe talks a little freely sometimes; but no one can

say that he is quarrelsome. You've got to take him as he is, that's all."

"I am one," retorted Harvey Green, with a slightly ruffled manner, "who is never disposed to take people as they are when they choose to render themselves disagreeable. If I was Mr. Slade, as I remarked in the beginning, I'd pitch that fellow into the road the next time he put his foot over my door-step."

"Not if I were present," remarked the other, coolly.

Green was on his feet in a moment; and I saw, from the flash of his eyes, that he was a man of evil passions. Moving a pace or two in the direction of the other, he said sharply:

"What is that, sir?"

The individual against whom his anger was so suddenly aroused was dressed plainly, and he had the appearance of a working-man. He was stout and muscular.

"I presume you heard my words. They were spoken distinctly," he replied, not moving from where he sat, nor seeming to be in the least disturbed. But there was cool defiance in the tones of his voice and in the steady look of his eyes.

"You're an impertinent fellow, and I'm half tempted to chastise you."

Green had scarcely finished the sentence, ere he was lying at full length upon the floor! The other had sprung upon him like a tiger, and with one blow from his heavy fist, struck him down as if he had been a child. For a moment or two Green lay stunned and bewildered—then, starting up with a savage cry, that sounded more bestial than human, he drew a long knife from a concealed sheath, and attempted to stab his assailant; but the murderous purpose was not accomplished, for the other man, who had superior strength and coolness, saw the design, and with a well-directed blow almost broke the arm of Green, causing the knife to leave his hand and glide far across the room.

"I'm half tempted to wring your neck off," exclaimed the man, whose

name was Lyon, now much excited; and seizing Green by the throat, he strangled him until his face grew black. "Draw a knife on me, ha! You murdering villain!" And he gripped him tighter.

Judge Lyman and the landlord now interfered, and rescued Green from the hands of his fully aroused antagonist. For some time they stood growling at each other, like two parted dogs struggling to get free, in order to renew the conflict, but gradually cooled off. In a little while Judge Lyman drew Green aside, and the two men left the bar-room together. In the door, as they were retiring, the former slightly nodded to Willy Hammond, who soon followed them, going into the sitting room; and from thence, as I could perceive, up-stairs, to an apartment above.

"Not after much good," I heard Lyon mutter to himself. "If Judge Hammond don't look a little closer after that boy of his, he'll be sorry, that's all."

"Who is this Green?" I asked of Lyon, finding myself alone with him in the bar-room, soon after.

"A blackleg, I take it," was his unhesitating answer.

"Does Judge Lyman suspect his real character?"

"I don't know any thing about that; but I wouldn't be afraid to bet ten dollars, that if you could look in upon them now, you would find cards in their hands."

"What a school, and what teachers for the youth who just went with them!" I could not help remarking.

"Willy Hammond?"

"Yes."

"You may well say that. What can his father be thinking about to leave him exposed to such influences!"

"He's one of the few who are in raptures about this tavern, because its erection has slightly increased the value of his property about here; but if he is not the loser of fifty per cent. for every one gained, before ten years go by, I'm very much in error."

"How so?"

"It will prove, I fear, the open door to ruin for his son."

"That's bad," said I.

"Bad! It's awful to think of. There is not a finer young man in the country, nor one with better mind and heart, than Willy Hammond. So much the sadder will be his destruction. Ah, sir! this tavern-keeping is a curse to any place."

"But I thought, just now, that you spoke in favor of letting even the poor drunkard's money go into our landlord's till, in order to encourage his commendable enterprise in opening so good a tavern."

"We all speak with covert irony sometimes," answered the man, "as I did then. Poor Joe Morgan! He is an old and early friend of Simon Slade. They were boys together, and worked as millers under the same roof for many years. In fact, Joe's father owned the mill, and the two learned their trade with him. When old Morgan died, the mill came into Joe's hands. It was in rather a worn-out condition, and Joe went in debt for some pretty thorough repairs and additions of machinery. By and by, Simon Slade, who was hired by Joe to run the mill, received a couple of thousand dollars at the death of an aunt. This sum enabled him to buy a share in the mill, which Morgan was very glad to sell in order to get clear of his debt. Time passed on, and Joe left his milling interest almost entirely in the care of Slade, who, it must be said in his favor, did not neglect the business. But it somehow happened—I will not say unfairly—that at the end of ten years, Joe Morgan no longer owned a share in the mill. The whole property was in the hands of Slade. People did not much wonder at this; for while Slade was always to be found at the mill, industrious, active, and attentive to customers, Morgan was rarely seen on the premises. You would oftener find him in the woods, with a gun over his shoulder, or sitting by a trout brook, or loung-

ing at the tavern. And yet everybody liked Joe, for he was companionable, quick-witted, and very kind-hearted. He would say sharp things, sometimes, when people manifested little meannesses; but there was so much honey in his gall, that bitterness rarely predominated.

"A year or two before his ownership in the mill ceased, Morgan married one of the sweetest girls in our town—Fanny Ellis, that was her name—and she could have had her pick of the young men. Everybody affected to wonder at her choice; and yet nobody really did wonder, for Joe was an attractive young man, take him as you would, and just the one to win the heart of a girl like Fanny. What if he had been seen, now and then, a little worse for drink! What if he showed more fondness for pleasure than for business! Fanny did not look into the future with doubt or fear. She believed that her love was strong enough to win him from all evil allurements; and, as for this world's goods, they were matters in which her maiden fancies rarely busied themselves.

"Well. Dark days came for her, poor soul! And yet, in all the darkness of her earthly lot, she has never, it is said, been anything but a loving, forbearing, self-denying wife to Morgan. And he—fallen as he is, and powerless in the grasp of the monster intemperance—has never, I am sure, hurt her with a cruel word. Had he added these, her heart would, long ere this, have broken. Poor Joe Morgan! Poor Fanny! Oh, what a curse is this drink!"

The man, warming with his theme, had spoken with an eloquence I had not expected from his lips. Slightly overmastered by his feelings, he paused for a moment or two, and then added:

"It was unfortunate for Joe, at least, that Slade sold his mill, and became a tavern-keeper; for Joe had a sure berth, and wages regularly paid. He didn't always stick to his work, but

would go off on a spree every now and then; but Slade bore with all this, and worked harder himself to make up for his hand's shortcoming. And no matter what deficiency the little storeroom at home might show, Fanny Morgan never found her meal barrel empty without knowing where to get it replenished.

"But, after Slade sold the mill, a sad change took place. The new owner was little disposed to pay wages to a hand who would not give him all his time during working hours; and in less than two weeks from the day he took possession, Morgan was discharged. Since then, he has been working about at one odd job and another, earning scarcely enough to buy the liquor it requires to feed the inordinate thirst that is consuming him. I am not disposed to blame Simon Slade for the wrong-doing of Morgan; but here is a simple fact in the case—if he had kept on at the useful calling of a miller, he would have saved this man's family from want, suffering, and a lower depth of misery than that into which they have already fallen. I merely state it, and you can draw your own conclusion. It is one of the many facts, on the other side of this tavern question, which it will do no harm to mention. I have noted a good many facts besides, and one is, that before Slade opened the "Sickle and Sheaf," he did all in his power to save his early friend from the curse of intemperance; now he has become his tempter. Heretofore, it was his hand that provided the means for his family to live in some small degree of comfort; now he takes the poor pittance the wretched man earns, and dropping it in his till, forgets the wife and children at home who are hungry for the bread this money should have purchased.

"Joe Morgan, fallen as he is, sir, is no fool. His mind sees quickly yet; and he rarely utters a sentiment that is not full of meaning. When he spoke of Slade's heart growing as hard in ten years as one of his old mill-stones, he

was not uttering words at random, nor merely indulging in a harsh sentiment, little caring whether it were closely applicable or not. That the indurating process had begun, he, alas! was too sadly conscious."

The landlord had been absent from the room for some time. He left soon after Judge Lyman, Harvey Green, and Willy Hammond withdrew, and I did not see him again during the evening. His son Frank was left to attend at the bar; no very hard task, for not more than half a dozen called in to drink from the time Morgan left until the bar was closed.

While Mr. Lyon was giving me the brief history just recorded, I noticed a little incident that caused a troubled feeling to pervade my mind. After a man, for whom the landlord's son had prepared a fancy drink, had nearly emptied his glass, he sat it down upon the counter and went out. A tablespoonful or two remained in the glass, and I noticed Frank, after smelling at it two or three times, put the glass to his lips and sip the sweetened liquor. The flavor proved agreeable; for, after tasting it, he raised the glass again and drained every drop.

"Frank!" I heard a low voice, in a warning tone, pronounce the name, and glancing toward a door partly open, that led from the inside of the bar to the yard, I saw the face of Mrs. Slade. It had the same troubled expression I had noticed before, but now blended with more of anxiety.

The boy went out at the call of his mother; and when a new customer entered, I noticed that Flora, the daughter, came in to wait upon him. I noticed, too, that while she poured out the liquor, there was a heightened color on her face, in which I fancied that I saw a tinge of shame. It is certain that she was not in the least gracious to the person on whom she was waiting; and that there was little heart in her manner of performing the task.

Ten o'clock found me alone and musing in the bar-room over the occurrences of the evening. Of all the

incidents, that of the entrance of Joe Morgan's child kept the most prominent place in my thoughts. The picture of that mournful little face was ever before me; and I seemed all the while to hear the word "Father," uttered so touchingly, and yet with such a world of childish tenderness. And the man, who would have opposed the most stubborn resistance to his fellow-men, had they sought to force him from the room, going passively, almost meekly out, led by that little child—I could not, for a time, turn my thoughts from the image thereof! And then thought bore me to the wretched home, back to which the gentle, loving child had taken her father, and my heart grew faint in me as imagination busied itself with all the misery there.

And Willy Hammond? The little that I had heard and seen of him greatly interested me in his favor. Ah! upon what dangerous ground was he treading. How many pitfalls awaited his feet—how near they were to the brink of a fearful precipice, down which to fall was certain destruction. How beautiful had been his life-promise! How fair the opening day of his existence! Alas! the clouds were gathering already, and the low rumble of the distant thunder presaged the coming of a fearful tempest. Was there none to warn him of the danger? Alas! all might now come too late, for so few who enter the path in which his steps were treading will hearken to friendly counsel, or heed the solemn warning. Where was he now? This question recurred over and over again. He had left the bar-room with Judge Lyman and Green early in the evening, and had not made his appearance since. Who and what was Green? And Judge Lyman, was he a man of principle? One with whom it was safe to trust a youth like Willy Hammond?

While I mused thus, the bar-room door opened, and a man past the prime of life, with a somewhat florid face, which gave a strong relief to the gray, almost white hair that, suffered to grow freely, was pushed back, and

lay in heavy masses on his coat collar, entered with a hasty step. He was almost venerable in appearance; yet there was in his dark, quick eyes the brightness of unquenched loves, the fires of which were kindled at the altars of selfishness and sensuality. This I saw at a glance. There was a look of concern on his face, as he threw his eyes around the bar-room; and he seemed disappointed, I thought, at finding it empty.

"Is Simon Slade here?"

As I answered in the negative, Mrs. Slade entered through the door that opened from the yard, and stood behind the counter.

"Ah, Mrs. Slade! Good-evening, madam!" he said.

"Good-evening, Judge Hammond."

"Is your husband at home?"

"I believe he is," answered Mrs. Slade. "I think he's somewhere about the house."

"Ask him to step here, will you?"

Mrs. Slade went out. Nearly five minutes went by, during which time Judge Hammond paced the floor of the bar-room uneasily. Then the landlord made his appearance. The free, open, manly, self-satisfied expression of his countenance, which I had remarked on alighting from the stage in the afternoon, was gone. I noticed at once the change, for it was striking. He did not look steadily into the face of Judge Hammond, who asked him, in a low voice, if his son had been there during the evening.

"He was here," said Slade.

"When?"

"He came in some time after dark and stayed, maybe, an hour."

"And hasn't been here since?"

"It's nearly two hours since he left the bar-room," replied the landlord.

Judge Hammond seemed perplexed. There was a degree of evasion in Slade's manner that he could hardly help noticing. To me it was all apparent, for I had lively suspicions that made my observation acute.

Judge Hammond crossed his arms.

behind him, and took three or four strides about the floor.

"Was Judge Lyman here to-night?" he then asked.

"He was," answered Slade.

"Did he and Willy go out together?"

The question seemed an unexpected one for the landlord. Slade appeared slightly confused, and did not answer promptly.

"I—I rather think they did," he said, after a brief hesitation.

"Ah, well! Perhaps he is at Judge Lyman's. I will call over there."

And Judge Hammond left the bar-room.

"Would you like to retire, sir?" said the landlord, now turning to me, with a forced smile—I saw that it was forced.

"If you please," I answered.

He lit a candle and conducted me to my room, where, over-wearied with the day's exertion, I soon fell asleep, and did not awake until the sun was shining brightly into my windows.

I remained at the village a portion of the day, but saw nothing of the parties in whom the incidents of the previous evening had awakened a lively interest. At four o'clock I left in the stage, and did not visit Cedarville again for a year.

THE VOICE OF LEARNING.

Nixon Waterman.

Good Farmer Wayback sent his son to college for a year.
The boy came home at Christmas, but the father didn't hear
A single word that made him feel his son was growing wise;
He somehow doubted if in life he'd win the highest prize.
He kept on doubting till the son let loose his college yell,
Stampeding all the cattle and the other stock, pell-mell!
And everybody fainted when that youth's athletic jaw
Exclaimed, "By gosh! Some slosh! Hog wash! Ham fat! Ding dat!
Rah! Rah!"

'Tis education makes the man, and that old farmer knew,
In moments of emergency, the proper thing to do.
He caught that young man by the hair and bent him 'cross his
knee—
He didn't do a thing to him!—I don't think! Hully gee!
He worked the centre rush and scored a touchdown every time
The while that yell ran through his brain like some satanic rhyme.
And as he beat a fierce tattoo with his gigantic paw,
He said, "By gosh! Some slosh! Hog wash! Ham fat! Ding dat!
Rah! Rah!"

THE HIDALGO

'Tis sweet to jest and dally,
With songs and hearts, or sally
Forth, gaily to fierce strife;
When bright the moon is shining,
I rush from walls confining,
To roam through square and street,
Then, love and fight combining,
Or dame, or foe, I'll meet.

The fair ones of Sevilla,
With fan and with mantilla,
Are gazing down the stream,
While list'ning to my song.
Their eyes with pleasure gleam,
And dark-red roses fall,
Thrown by white hands and small
As thanks for play and song.

Not lute alone I carry,
But blade for thrust and parry,
Of true Toledo steel.
My songs sound through the night,
In praise of beauty bright,
Or taunt of jealous knight.
To damsels fair I kneel,
But men my rapier feel.

Up, then! to seek adventure,
Night has her mantle spread;
On love-trysts I may venture,
Or meet with brawls instead.
The moon, o'er ladies' bowers,
Will shine on love or fray,
And either wounds or flowers
I'll surely bring away.

E. Geibel.



THE OLD MAIDS' CORNER

Edited by CANDACE A. YENDES

QUOTATION: "As evening twilight steals away,
The sky is filled with stars invisible by day."

MOTTO: "Better late than never."

PROVERB: "He who will have none but a perfect horse must often go on foot."

GREETING: "The Old Maids' Corner!" I like it all but the "Corner!" Why not call it The Old Maids' Parade? The Old Maids' Auction Room? The Old Maids' Funeral? (for I expect that many an O. M. will here die a natural death and here find the mate for which she has thus far lived in vain).

If we must call it by this name, there is one thing certain, we will make it the brightest corner of the home, the one where the entire family of Arthur's will congregate for congenial companionship.

I append a bright letter and ask for votes on the name suggested. Let each one who is so inclined send us an opinion concisely stated and we will try to see that all are represented in the Corner.

Cape Hatteras, May 13, 1897.

Editor Old Maids' Corner:

Dear Miss—I suppose that you are

still "Miss" from the fact that you are selected to conduct this part of the magazine, but why you don't call it by some other name (which would "smell as sweet") I'm sure I don't see. Here you are in a position to light the beacon lamps which would steer the masculine boats across the shoals of the treacherous Sea of Matrimony and prevent disaster to untold numbers; yet here you are merely lighting a lamp for a "cosey corner."

When I saw your strong name at the head of this department I said to myself: "Now, here's a woman that's seen the folly of too early marriages and that is willing to give of her wisdom

for the rest." Yet you let a man dictate as to what your department shall be called. You are not living up to your privileges. Don't you know that by this very thing you are inducing matrimony among your readers when you might prevent many from running into the net spread for the unwary?

Why, the way that you have lighted up these pages will influence many a man to say things to himself that he has not thought possible for years. "Here I'm an old sinner, evidently, for I've been married twice, but now I want to try my fortunes again, though so long laid on the shelf—as it were."

Now, see here, let's call this The Old Maids' Lighthouse, and do you stand for the beacon that shall "cast its gleam across the wave," in the proper direction. I'll venture that more than one old sailor will be glad to see the light and steer by it into the harbor of home. What do you say?

Very truly,
Harry-the-Elder.

(Here's another of a different tenor, but suggestive.)

Scranton, Pa., May 14, 1897.

Dear Candace—I thought you were for war, when you admitted a letter from someone in your May "corner," who proposed to have the Benedicts "stand up and be counted" as to their experience; yet here you are planning to help the sisters! Such is womanhood every time.

Well, I'm not going to be done out of the only opportunity I ever had to get even with my wife for ever marrying me out of hand—as she did—and I mean to tell you just how it was done so you can "go and do likewise."

It was in this way. I was young and Sarah was too, only more so. We were infatuated with each other (or thought so) and could think of no other way than to get married and so have each other's society for all time. Anyhow that is what she wanted, and when a woman wants something she

is quite likely to get it, for she has what I wish I could say all men have, skill, courage and perseverance.

"By hook or by crook, or by some other means," she had the engagement announced before I had even thought what it might mean to sit face to face with one woman at the table three times a day, seven days in the week, for a couple of centuries, and she not over bright in any line except matrimony. The engagement having been announced how could I get out? And she was in almost as much of a predicament, for she had not measured my qualifications by anyone else's attainments nor by the strong common sense which I hope you have in proportion as she and I lack it. Someone ought to even up things.

Well, she had no more idea of how it would feel to have her supporter come home at night and say:

"Well, my dear, I've lost my job and I don't know when I'll get another in this town for I don't know how to do anything else and this is the only firm in the business here. But that is what she heard before we had been one flesh six months, and it meant "no pay no eat."

I will not give you the program which the last ten years has seen repeated so often, but will add: I'm not sure as we'd have done any better if we'd wait a thousand years; I average pretty well (for a man) and I've seen worse women than Sarah. It isn't always so, Candace (is that your real name?), for there are more divorces coming from early marriages than from late ones, as any court will show you. More, even, "than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

However, you do your duty in the Old Maids' Corner and it may reduce the number sometime, though I doubt it, people are so willing to exhaust their stock of common sense before they come to the knot-tying place and they will not look the field over to see if the right time is at hand. Adieu.

Paul Peck.

Gloversville, May 13.

Dear Editor:

I am greatly interested in the "Old Maids' Corner" of your magazine, and as the door of your sanctum seems to be open I make bold to enter and add my tale of woe.

But, in the first place, let me say that I object to the title "Old Maid," which I oppose with all my feminine might. I am as sensitive on that point as the average man is when reminded that his thatch is getting thin. I prefer to be known as a U. B., which, being interpreted, means unappropriated blessing.

I don't know who or what is to blame for the fact that I seem to be destined to be shipped through life as a bachelor girl. I am sure the fault doesn't lie at my door; for no one ever worked or schemed harder for a man than I have. Night and day, asleep and awake, it was ever before me. Nothing was allowed to stand in the way of my campaign of conquest; even my girl friends were sacrificed, if necessary.

I am equally sure that I began the hunt soon enough, for I was on the trail long before I had passed my eighteenth birthday. Not a stone was left unturned. All the nice young men of our set were invited to see me and given to understand by my mother and brothers that I was in the market and already had several bidders. When any of them were to call I spent both time and pains on my toilet, in order to make myself appear as attractive as possible.

I wouldn't even help my mother with the work, lest my pretty white hands should bear the marks of household drudging. I learned all the latest songs and society gossip with which to entertain my chappie, leaving education and other accomplishments until after the wedding, which never came.

Once I tried to cook the Sunday dinner, just because I was dared to by the three young men present; but it could hardly be called a success. Everything was either cooked to death

or not enough. Somehow, after that dinner those young men "never go there any more."

Thus the years went by and all the other girls (who didn't try half as hard as I did) were married, while I am on the shelf still. I sometimes think there was something wrong with my methods and now can only say "It might have been." Arabella Single—ton.

Newark, N. J., May 20, '97.

Editor Old Maids' Corner,
Arthur's Magazine:

Dear Madam:

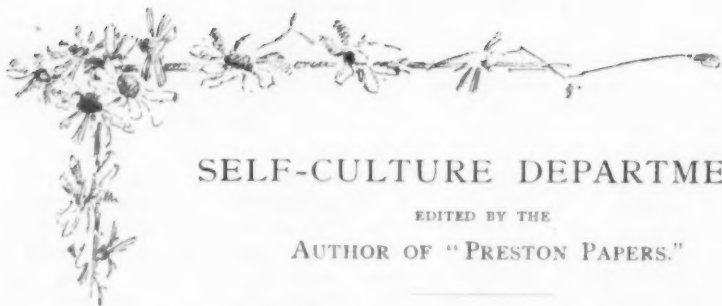
God bless the man who first invented old maids, and bless him, too, that he didn't hug his invention to death, before such hen-pecked men as I could say a word as to the glorious work that they're doing!

"What is it? Why, man alive, every blessed damsel of them all (excuse me, please, while I assure you that the word requires careful spelling and accent, in order to preserve its original meaning), every blessed damsel of 'em all, as I started to say, has saved some poor man from the fate of the ordinary!

Imagine, if you can, a world without a single old maid in it! What would the newspapers do for a joke-subject? The dear old child for an aunt, when papa and mamma are engaged in the thousand and one things that take them away from their children? The church for workers? Reforms for agitators—and what good is a reform without an agitator? (What good are many of 'em, any way, except to furnish a peg by which an otherwise obscure name can be hung in a conspicuous place in the newspaper?) The impecunious husband, brother, nephew, for funds, to help him tide over a hard place?

Hurrah for the sure enough Old Maid, a d for her corner in Arthur's! Long may she wave.

Abijah Bartlett.



SELF-CULTURE DEPARTMENT

EDITED BY THE

AUTHOR OF "PRESTON PAPERS."

MOTTO: It is never too late—nor too early—to begin.

PROVERB: We do not cook rice by talking about it.—*Chinese.*

QUOTATION: "The great law of culture is: Let each become all that he was created capable of being; expand if possible to his full growth; resist all impediments; cast off all foreign, especially all noxious adhesions, and show himself at length in his own shape and stature, be these what they may."—*Thomas Carlyle.*

MIND CULTURE—III.

By Pictures.

"He is the greatest artist, then,
Whether of pencil or of pen,
Who follows Nature. Never man,
As artist or as artisan,
Pursuing his own fantasies,
Can touch the human heart, or please,
Or satisfy our nobler needs,
As he who sets his willing feet
In Nature's Footprints, light and fleet,
And follows fearless where she leads."

Longfellow: *Keramos.*

The selection of a picture for your walls, or of books and magazines which are to be devoured by the young (and old) of your family—or to lie upon the library table, and even then carry their message of good and evil, their everlasting influence—may seem a little thing in itself; but it is one of the silent factors of life which carry in their train so much of unconscious teaching that we should select with as great care as we do the reading matter. Yea, more; for the book is not intrusive, the paper does not insist upon attention, while the picture (especially that upon the wall or easel) is ever present, presenting its insidious lesson of lower tone or its uplifting influence for something in the beyond.

I do not know of any place where

care and attention pay greater dividends than in this matter. Subject, form, color, are all to be considered, and especially those which are to be placed before the children. Here are a few thoughts:

As to Subjects.

(1) Follow Longfellow, as above indicated.

(2) See that the subjects express pleasure, rather than fear, agony, or any of the more dramatic emotions. I cannot forget with what fascination I went, day after day (only five or six years ago), to see the beautiful painting of "The Vestal Virgin," nor how it haunted me. True, the ethical lesson it bears is all right; but the feeling excited in the greatest degree was that

of pity for the poor girl who had been careless of her duty—and it was almost like a nightmare, even when I was old enough to have been superior to its electric influence—if anyone ever is.

(3) Children ought not to have those pictures before them as a constant teacher which deal too freely with danger, death, anger, hatred, sorrow, or any but the happiest moments and scenes. All others, if given at all, should be in small doses. Wounded stags, sinking ships, fighting lions, etc., should be tabooed from wall ornamentation, at least.

Concerning Form.

Select such as are suggestive of grace, beauty and real art, rather than those that outline the uncouth or the rude. The child who always has this as a model before him will be molded by it, in his ideals, and therefore in his conduct, to a certain degree. Hogarth's line of beauty was the curve, and therefore the picture that has the most curves will come the nearest to his idea of grace—other things being equal. Clouds, sea-waves, flowers, trees, etc., should modify (by background or in some way) shanties, fence rails, and other angular things.

Regarding Color.

There is no question that a fine picture in black and white, or a photograph, carries more artistic merit with it than a daub of color. The vivid greens, blues, reds and yellows of the cheap prints with which some (too many) of our newspapers are colored—I do not say decorated—are not educators of a refining sort, while every true picture is.

The same may be said of some of our magazines, although to their credit be it said that the fault is not so common with them. The really artistic is at so reasonable a figure now, by way of photographs, photogravure, etc., to say nothing of etchings, engravings and other things in this line, that it is a pity that any except the beautiful in

color should be presented to anyone, and especially to children.

Number.

It would seem that we cannot have too much of a good thing, but in pictures for the wall this is not quite true, although for the family it is. One good print, copy, photograph or painting is worth dozens of inferior ones, and should carry its lesson of quiet, of peace, of happiness, of something with an upward tendency without being spoiled by an inferior one which has been put in to fill up, or to cover a bare spot or a damaged one.

Finally, I do not recommend free access of children to the typical posters of the day—nor to Doré's Bible Gallery, nor Danté's Inferno. Give them something that will appeal to their tender side, their happiest mood, their joyous imagination, but not those which will "leave a bad taste in the mouth" nor a morbid craving.

Cull, inspect, choose, as you would the books for your child, or his friends; and then make the picture a silent monitor, a comfort, a pleasure, an inspiration.

SOCIAL CULTURE—II.

Odds and Ends of It.

"Her manner had not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere."
Tennyson.

While character is of the first importance in childhood—or anywhere—social culture should not be entirely relegated to maturer years.

That teacher builded better than she knew of whom I heard a business man say recently: "She was the first person who had ever come into my life that thought it worth while to inveigh against the social crime of awkwardness in my presence—and she taught me how to say 'Good night' without first going through agonies because I knew that it was time to go, but couldn't make the start."

That man will find many and ready sympathizers, as I have no doubt, too.

that his hostess will; and so will another, who said of the same teacher: "From her I learned that it is possible to retreat gracefully from a room with others remaining in it."

Social culture cannot be "cut and dried" without becoming stiff and formal; but if children are taught in a general way to consider other people first, to not do what they would be unwilling to have done in return, it is a long step toward social culture—which is after all but an application of the Golden Rule to the every-day life.

Then each one may be taught specifically some things that will not occur to them, even under the simple "Do unto others," etc., test. Below are a few things that occur to me as I write, which all should learn, early:

1. Not to stare at visitors—nor at any one. Curiosity is as idle and profitless as it is impolite, and grows so unconsciously that, from mere staring, speculation, surmise and suspicion soon sprout.

2. To answer a summons to the door, give the visitor a seat, and take his hat, coat, gloves, umbrella, cane, or packages, offer a fan, book or paper while waiting to have the one called whom he has come to see.

3. Boys to give gentlemanly preference to girls, and girls to receive the courtesy, and others, with a smile, a "thank you," or both.

4. "Allow me," in proffering help, smooths the way for a "You are very kind" in accepting it—and there is a gospel of reciprocity, which some of the masculine grumblers who give up their seats or relinquish other "rights" (even under protest) would hail with delight. "Please," in asking a favor or a service of a paid waiter, and a cordial "Thank you" in accepting it, give to both actors the good feeling that comes with gentle manners.

5. It is discouraging, if not positively rude, to refuse simple courtesies, politely tendered, unless they involve a moral obligation or responsibility.

PRACTICAL CHILD STUDY—I.

(The Round Table for Parents, Teachers and Friends of Children.)

In General.

"Childhood shows the man, as morning shows the day."—Milton.

Look as we will we find no blade of grass the exact counterpart of any other, no leaf that has its twin in form, color, shape, venation and all the attributes of the leaf world—and, if we hunt humanity through, we shall never find two individuals of any "age, color, sex, or previous condition of servitude"—or freedom—with exactly the same nature all the way through. There will be little variations of health, temper, habit, desire, motive, and thousands of other things which go to make up complex humanity; so that in entering upon the study of children as a class of human beings, or upon types of children, we must come to the task with more than mere philosophy, something greater, too, than love (which may be very weak in its practice) and with all our faculties alert, for we have before us, like the perfect bud, which holds the entire tree within its embryo, all the elements of manhood and womanhood, with their manifold variations, divine possibilities, and eternal influences.

Shall we say, hastily, "Children, do so and so, or think so and so," and not discriminate as to what types of children say and do certain things?

How shall we meet and fight (or cultivate) what we find partly developed or more than half concealed within child nature? How plant what is absent that should have a prominent place there or prune what has always attained luxuriant growth, when it should not have been allowed to come to the surface at all? How shall we get at the child's best good, in every possible way, spiritual, physical, mental, social, industrial, and all sides of his nature?

Verily, none but the Divine One is able to perform the task as it should be

—and even yet we may not be excused from what is our duty. And duty to the children that have been committed to our care, either by parents or by the office of teacher, friend, or pastor, is not done when we have given them food and clothing, for upon us to a large extent lies all the burden of their future. Shall we not enter upon the study as one who treads upon holy ground?

Children may be studied in three ways: (1) by their heredity; (2) their environment; and (3) by their individuality—the first two elements giving a large proportion of the third, in most cases. I say most cases, because there are instances in which superiority has been attained in spite of heredity and environment, and others in which the converse has happened; but these exceptions only serve to prove the rule, for heredity has a long finger, and environment does much to furnish us with the swaddling clothes of manners and of character.

Is the mother frivolous? The sons will scarcely have a deep regard for all womanhood, and this lack will govern their attitude and conduct toward those with whom they are brought in contact, unless this impression is offset by the ever present model of a higher type, or unless, perchance, the father has endowed his sons with a deep strain of reverence which embraces all womankind.

Is the father sluggish in his mental attributes? Do not look for elastic or acute brain cells in the daughters, unless the mother is of a stronger caliber or there is the attrition of association to develop the latent qualities.

Whole families may lack in a certain particular and yet that very element come out with tenfold force in some individual of the self-same stock. Go back for generations, and across through the various families with which alliance has been formed, and you will find the solution to much that puzzles, baffles, tries you, or to something which gives you delight while it is inexplicable. You can see this in

the plant world and among the lower animals; why should it surprise us among our own kind? Situation, treatment, association, do much for them; how much more will all these do for us?

Let us form a Mothers' Club (from which no one will be debarred who is interested in even though not of the blessed sisterhood) from among the subscribers to ARTHUR'S, and discuss the phases of childhood which have come under our personal observation, the predominating characteristics, the best means of developing what is good and eradicating what is not, supplying deficiencies and pruning what is redundant.

Here are some of the types that I have found, with modifications, in various places, and of which I will speak:

Disobedient children, stubborn, mischievous, lying, lazy, nervous, careless, dull, fretful, jolly, goody-goody, sensitive, wide-awake, "smart," irrepressible, reserved, physically weak, mentally short, and imitative children.

I shall treat of the disobedient next month, and will be glad to hear from others concerning this type of child, with comments as to age, apparent causes, effects, etc. Who will be the first contributor? The first to ask a question? To offer a solution? Surely, every parent feels the importance of Child Study, every friend of children the necessity for Child Culture.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS—III.

Help—I.

Don't demand perfection in your help unless you can give perfection as mistress.

It is not reasonable to expect three-dollar work when you are paying but two dollars.

If you look for bargains in your help, see to it that you have some inducements to exchange. A clean room, private, and a decent place to receive her ordinary company are things

which will appeal to any domestic—no matter how untrained.

It is no special credit to you that you can get along with a good girl, but it is a grand thing if you are able to take common material and so vivify it, surge it with responsibility, influence, and encourage it to its highest peak of excellence that it reaches your ideal at last—and the discipline has been as good for you as for your domestic. Like bread that is cast upon the waters, too, it will return to you after many days, if not sooner!

Beware the girl who has certificates from many places—she is “unsettled” in disposition, or worse; at the same time, see to it that you don’t change help too often, or the same thing will apply to you, and with much more force, as yours is a more responsible place.

Learn to overlook the little things which are not absolute wrongs, while training the whole person of your new—or old—domestic.

If you encourage tattling and gossip from your help, you give them at least unexpressed license to indulge in the same species of play without your presence; and if you come in for your share of its scum, do not be surprised.

Emphasize what is good in your help, and cultivate it with at least half as much energy as you give to tearing up what is not.

Let your conversation be “Yea, yea, and Nay, nay,” and avoid all slang in talking with your household help, for two reasons, (1) its influence on them, and (2) its effect in establishing a due regard for you.

See to it that the meals for your help are (1) plentiful, (2) well prepared, (3) neatly served, (4) warm. Then see that there is time given, without unnecessary interruption, for eating.

See that the beds for your help are such as will rest them, for their every day is a hard one, and the night should be both long and comfortable. Then you are in much better condition to expect good service, willingly given and

with cheer—and they are more likely to live up to your expectations.

HEALTH HINTS—II.

In the Bedroom.

Leave the beds open for airing purposes as long as can possibly be done without upsetting the other work of the house.

Teach each one to take off the pillows, on rising, turn back the blankets, sheets, etc., that the air may circulate through them, and before leaving the room to remove everything from the top of the mattress, spreading each article out where fresh air can get at it, then to open the windows even wider than they were while sleeping and dressing. The windows need not remain open long, although the beds should not be re-made for at least two hours, nor for as much longer time as the work can be delayed.

See that there are matches kept in each bedroom, and easily accessible, in case of emergency, in the night.

Don’t keep a lamp burning at night, in the sleeping room. It vitiates the air. Plants, on the other hand, absorb the carbonic acid gas which our every breath gives off, and are, therefore, desirable—to a certain limit.

Sweep the bedrooms often enough to prevent any accumulation of dust and “fluff,” breeders of disease and of great annoyance to the lungs. (Suggestions on how to sweep without raising a dust were given in the April number of ARTHUR’S.

Each individual should have and use his own towel, just as much as he would his own tooth brush. Let there be no “partnership” business in this. (Towels should be laundered by themselves and with special attention to the rinsing. Do not allow the “wash lady” to put them in with underwear, tablecloths, and other things.)

The carpet should not be a carpet at all, but some smooth surface, like linoleum, which can be washed and made clean whenever necessary. Painted floors entail too much hard work on

the part of some one, and again they are not "comfortable." Matting is good, but not very durable.

Be careful what toilet soap is used. Pure white Castile, or any soap which is made from some vegetable oil, is best. For some years I thought that I could not use anything but the palm oil soap which was made by a Philadelphia firm, and for which I paid fifteen cents a cake, and the cakes were not very large, either. It had no "scent," which of itself was a recommendation, but better than that was its perfection as a cleanser, at the same time that it left no injurious effects, as too many of the fancy soaps do. The last time that I bought any I got a great quantity, which lasted for five or six years, but recently when I wrote to the old firm to get another lot my letter was returned, "not here," so that I have had to be satisfied with the Castile, which I find nearly as good. Buy it by the pound, and it comes cheaper than when sold by the cake or dozen.

And don't use too much soap. Pure water, hot and cold, in liberal quantities, will do more for your skin (and complexion!) than you can imagine, until after you have tried it thoroughly. As a rule there is too much soap used in the toilet. Try Indian meal once in a while instead.

Darken the windows of the sleeping rooms at night, for sake of the eyes, which will either be strengthened or weakened by their night surroundings. Sleep should not only be "in the dark," but also "on the quiet," for the sake of the nerve strain which the opposite conditions induce.

Be sure to have plenty of air, fresh from outside, in the sleeping rooms, all night. A dear old lady who came to visit at our house in my younger days, occupied a part of my room; and when I opened the window a little further, on getting ready for the last exercise of the day, she said: "Close the window, please; I cannot sleep with an open window. I should have a cold that would last all winter."

I was in a quandary, but my hospi-

tality was greater than my hygienic principle, in those days, and I closed the windows, with a feeble protest. But soon the inevitable headache began to dance around my bedside. I was utterly unable to sleep, and softly rising I opened both of them long enough to get a good taste of the intoxicating fresh air. Partly closing each I went back to bed, and to sleep, meaning to get up early and close them further, but slept so soundly that I did not waken until morning, when my guest startled me with:

"Am I alive? And did I actually sleep with those monstrous windows open in this room? I never would have believed it!" And the strange part of it is that to this day (that was twenty years ago, and before my own convictions on the subject were so pronounced as now) she tells the story, with glee, that for once in her life she had that experience. I shall send her a copy of this number, and we may hear from her in the next.

The fact is that air is so plentiful, so cheap, that we do not value it as we should; and when it gets to be night air we are actually afraid of it; but night air which is out of doors is infinitely less harmful than night air which has been kept in the house, heated and petted, warmed and breathed over and over, again and again, until it has been robbed of every particle of oxygen, and its place taken by the noxious carbonic acid gas.

I don't wonder that some people do not sleep, and that others wake up about as tired as when they went to bed.

Try introducing fresh air into your sleeping rooms, the very last thing, and in cubic acres instead of cubic inches, and see if it doesn't make a grand difference.

Never allow "body slops" to stand in the sleeping room uncovered. The reasons are obvious, but I have known many otherwise wise and careful mothers to do this. Keep your sleeping rooms clean; and keep the air as clean

as you do the floors and walls, bedding and furniture.

Painted walls for the bedroom are better than paper.

Don't get too many "dust catchers" in the way of draperies into the sleeping rooms. These are objectionable anywhere, but especially where we pass so much of our time. Bureau spreads, mats, tidies, upholstered furniture, carpets, "throws" on picture frames and tables, and no end of other things, are not indispensable to a pretty room; and the prettiest one is the spotless one, where not a speck of dust finds lodgment, where quaint belongings are fresh and clean.

Hair brushes and tooth brushes should be kept out of sight and out of dust, for reasons which need no explanation.

Clothing should not hang in the sleeping room, nor boots, shoes and rubbers lie around.

Night clothing should be hung up (not rolled and put under the pillow). If no better place presents itself, drive a nail in the head board of the bedstead (not in front, of course) and hang it there; or if there is no closet, and the headboard is missing which you might so utilize—as in case of cot or iron bed—put a hook in the corner of the room and make a long full spread of cheese-cloth or some equally thin material, which will shield it from eyes which have no business to see it, and keep it in the corner, hanging up.

In undressing put your clothing where it will (a) air; (b) be easy to get in case of fire or other need; (c) not muss. There is more wear and tear to the square inch on some people's wardrobe at night than during the day. Everything should be cared for, and properly—dresses hung up in a way that will not make them look stringy, nor yet crushed; underclothing smoothed out; coats, vests and trousers hung over "forms" or on wire hangers; bonnets and hats well brushed from dust, shoes ditto, and oiled, if need be; gloves put into shape for the next wearing, and things in

general taken care of, none of them being left in the way.

You can hardly have too much sunlight in the room, during the day; it is a good deodorizer, and one of the very best physicians. Sun, air, cleanliness and quiet are essentials, and inexpensive ones.

A southern exposure, or an eastern, is best for a bedroom.

You can easily do without a parlor, but not without a large sleeping room for the children.

ETHICAL CULTURE—II.

CHARITY'S BEAUTIFUL MANTLE.

A little oyster lay in his lonely bed, in the waters off the coast of Ceylon. The day was charming—sun, sky, breeze, water, all at their best; and yet the little mollusk was not happy.

"What is it?" asked an old timer, who heard a gentle sigh while floating past in his own lordly shell, all lined with beautiful iridescent mother-of-pearl.

"I was only wishing that I, too, might have such a beautiful home as my neighbors have, instead of always living where there is not one thing to make me comfortable or happy."

The old mollusk stopped short and said tenderly, that is, tenderly for a bivalve: "Do you know, little one, that it is within your power to have one of these beautiful floating palaces for your very own—and at once?"

"Why, how is that? Nobody has given me any decorative taste, skill, or paints. I don't know the first thing about hanging curtains of rainbow tints, even if I had the materials," and he sighed again at the hopelessness of the prospect.

"All oysters are given a certain fluid, my child," replied the sympathetic mollusk, "and you have your share with us. Throw some of it out on your inside walls and see for yourself how they will be glorified, transformed;" and he moved away, afraid to say too much lest it should be of no effect.

"It at least won't do much harm to try," said the baby oyster. And he did try, with a result that astonished him with its beauty. The shells were such as a queen might have envied for their marvelous coloring.

Then a tiny grain of sand came in at his open door one day while he was drinking, and the sand was rough; it irritated his tender flesh and blotted his beautiful walls. What could a poor oyster do under such very trying circumstances? Well, at first he did very much as we do when we discover a blemish in some friend—he worried.

His experience had taught him something, however, and instead of

entirely giving up to it, he again used the fluid which was his birthright possession, and covered the ugly excrescence with it. Soon it was no longer a mere grain of sand, a source of irritation and complaint, but an exquisite pearl; and the pearl which he had wrought gave to him an added value.

This the beautiful mantle of charity will do for us—yea, and much more; it will hide or excuse our friends' defects; it will give us pearls of character, friends without number, beauty in our soul homes, and life everlasting. "Faith, hope and charity; but the greatest of these is charity."



EDITED BY FREDERIC L. LUQUEER, PH. D.

"Through a glance into the innermost heart of man, into his individual life, and at that which education gave or denied him, all resolves itself into the mute but vivid feeling, into the quiet but clear thought: would there might be for the human being, for my child, even from his first advent on this globe, a correct comprehension of his being, a suitable fostering and management, the education truly leading to the all-sided attainment of his destiny—in short, a correct comprehension and treatment of that which is called life.—*Froebel*."



THE above words are from Froebel's "A New Year's Meditation." In this he writes of himself as looking back over his experience and gaining new impulse from such retrospect for continued life with and for children.

In a way thoroughly his own Froebel sought to heed the command of "Know thyself." By nature he was introspective and self-analytic. But this characteristic became neither tiresome nor offensive. His self knowledge

made him capable of sympathy for others. It was not mere emotional egotism but was a prompting toward practical helpfulness.

We should be acquainted with Froebel not alone because he was the originator of the kindergarten, but also because his life is one of the best of commentaries on the history and meaning of the kindergarten. Froebel did not merely discover the kindergarten; it grew from him. Even to-day it retains some of his personal foibles. May it never lose his spirit!

Friedrich Froebel was born April 21, 1782, at Oberweissbach, a village

in the Thuringian Forest. Before he was a year old his mother died. His father, a Lutheran, was the chief pastor of the district. He was absorbed in his pastoral duties, and left Friedrich to the care of a servant, who, in turn, consigned him to his brothers and sisters. There is a pathetic little sentence in Froebel's autobiography, written long afterwards: "I had really no more a father than a mother."

Sometimes those whose own cup seems empty have the fullest cups for other thirsty ones. We shall find Froebel such an one. It is he, perhaps, more than anyone else, who appreciates the rich significance of true family life, as a factor in the child's development. In his "Education of Man," he says: "Only the quiet, secluded sanctuary of the family can give back to us the welfare of mankind. In the foundation of every new family, the Heavenly Father, eternally working the welfare of the human race, speaks to man through the heaven he has opened in the heart of its founders. With the foundation of every new family there is issued to mankind and to each individual human being the call to represent humanity in pure development, to represent man in his ideal purity." And yet, of himself, he had to write: "I felt myself already, in my dawning boyhood, quite isolated, and my soul was filled with grief."

But this is only a partial picture. The soul may grieve in the presence of unsatisfied yearning; but it has marvelous power of adjustment to actual conditions. And we must not think of the young Froebel as a gloomy child. He says, looking backward: "I was full of youthful spirits and the joy of life." He was, naturally, hopeful and buoyant. There was, also, so to speak, an external family life which was helpful. He says: "There was much going on in our house; both parents (his father had married again) displayed great activity, loved order, and sought, in every way, to beautify their surroundings. I had to help their

activity, according to my strength, and soon observed that I gained by that means in power and judgment."

Froebel's short autobiography is a story not so much of outer happenings as of inner feelings. Froebel was sensitive. Oftentimes seemingly unimportant events left impressions which became pivotal in his life. As illustrating this, a passage, telling of his first school-going, may be cited. He was sent to the village public school. This was closely related to the church, and much of its study seems to have been the learning of hymns and of Bible texts. "I was brought to school," he says, "on a Monday. The appointed passage for the week was the well-known 'Seek first the kingdom of God.' I heard these words repeated every day, in a quiet, earnest, somewhat sing-song childish tone, now by one, now by the whole. The verse made an impression on me like nothing before or since. Indeed, this impression was so lively and deep, that to-day every word lives freshly in my memory, with the peculiar accent with which it was spoken; and yet since that time nearly forty years have elapsed. Perhaps the simple child's soul felt in these words the source and salvation of its life. Indeed, that conviction became to the struggling, striving man a source of inexhaustible courage, of always unimpaired joy and willingness in self-consecration."

When nearly eleven, Friedrich went to live with his uncle at Stadt-Ilm. Here he found the confidence and freedom he had missed at home. He met playfellows of his own age, and was allowed to roam at will through the country, provided only he were home at the right time. The active life he here enjoyed furnished him with many a hint for his after educational work. That work was to secure for children an all-sided, significant activity, particularly in merry play.

At fifteen, Froebel was apprenticed to a forester. He was to learn the care of forests, geometry and surveying. His master had much knowledge, but

Froebel was taught little. He was left to his own resources. But his interest made him study forestry and botany. His love of nature became more intimate. His church religion, he says, turned almost to a nature religion.

When seventeen, Froebel went to the university at Jena. Mathematics, natural sciences, building and surveying were his studies.

After a year or two at the university, Froebel did a little land surveying. Then he became a private secretary. His surroundings were charming. He writes: "Good fortune has always led me amid beautiful scenery. I constantly enjoyed what nature offered me. She seemed ever like a mother to me."

Nevertheless he has a feeling that he has not yet found his life work. He thinks of architecture, for which his taste and study had partially fitted him. But there are obstacles in the way. A little money came to him, however, and his brother encouraged him to press on in his ambition. The brother wrote in his album: "Man's lot is to struggle toward an end. Be a man, dear brother, firm and decided. Overcome the obstacles which oppose you and be confident. You will gain your end."

He was soon at work with an architect, in Frankfort. But Froebel was

not one to be satisfied with any indirect work for his fellows. He began to ask himself, "How can I work through architecture for the culture and ennobling of men?" Vaguely, perhaps, he felt that he would rather build men than their houses. Still, he kept at his T-square and triangles.

Then came an invitation to become a teacher in a newly started model school. Froebel had been introduced to Gruner, the head teacher, and had spoken to him freely of his life and aims. "Oh," said Gruner, "give up architecture; it is not for you. Become an educator. We need a teacher in our school. Make up your mind, and you shall have the place." A difficulty arose at this time in his architectural path. This made the invitation to become a teacher seem more attractive. "I concluded," he says, "that Providence had taken down the bridge of retreat, and hesitated no longer, but joyfully grasped the hand offered me, and was soon a teacher in the model school in Frankfort-on-the-Main."

It is interesting to recall that the city which was the birthplace of Goethe's poetry and of Hegel's philosophy, saw also the beginning of Froebel's educational work.

The story of that work will be begun next month.



Photograph by Rockwood



"ORGANIZED MOTHER LOVE"

BY MARY ALINE BROWN

Its Purpose and Aim.

"To help forward the coming of Christ into all departments of life is, in its last analysis, the purpose and aim of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union."—Frances E. Willard.

The first efforts of the newly-organized Union were directed toward the reformation of the victims of the liquor traffic. In this work many consecrated women went down to the outcasts with the Bible in their hands, and with earnest prayer in their hearts and upon their lips tried to lift them up to manhood and to God.

Wonderful results followed these efforts under the wise and eloquent leaders, Mrs. S. M. I. Henry, Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith and Mrs. Mary T. Lathrap, and the Evangelistic department is the basic element of all the different lines of work in which the organization is now engaged.

However, they soon realized that the number saved and reformed was pitifully small as compared with the number daily going to ruin, and that while they were trying to lift up the fallen, thousands of the young and ignorant were being led into the traps and pitfalls of sin. Then came the thought of prevention by education, and the department of Scientific Temperance Instruction in the public schools was the result of the thought. Under the lead-

ership of Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, of Boston, this department has secured the enactment of laws in all but two of the States of the United States and in the District of Columbia, compelling the teaching of the effect of alcohol and narcotics in connection with physiology.

It was the thought of Miss Lucia Kimball, of Chicago, to have Sunday school temperance instruction systematically carried on by introducing the Quarterly Temperance Lesson into the International Series. Her object was attained and her request granted at the great Sunday-school convention at Atlanta, in 1878, where she presented the largest Sunday-school petition ever known. This department seeks to instruct the children in scriptural total abstinence and to secure intelligent pledge signers.

Another educational department is the Loyal Temperance Legion, with its Junior, Senior and Normal grades, which supplements and extends the study begun in public and Sunday schools. The chance to win a diploma and seals for meritorious work adds

zest to the studies of this department. Many pleasant social features also add their attractions and the Legions are rapidly multiplying under the wise generalship of Mrs. Helen G. Rice and her able State secretaries.

The Young Woman's Branch of the W. C. T. U. is a growing power for good. The equal standard of morals for men and women demanded by its members, and their persistent refusal to tolerate even what are considered by some to be minor vices, is working a marvellous change in the tone of society wherever their influence touches it.

Mrs. Frances J. Barnes, of New York City, is the World's and National Secretary of the Y Branch, and, with her enthusiastic State secretaries, is winning thousands of the brightest and most cultured college girls and boys to the white-ribbon ranks.

In order to furnish this growing organization with necessary literature for its use, a department for this purpose was very soon established, with Miss Julia Colman, of New York, as its first superintendent. The usefulness of this department has been constantly increasing and a partial report for the year ending October, 1896, shows over 7,500,000 pages of literature distributed in the United States. This does not include books, magazines or the regularly issued papers of the organization. Books, leaflets and tracts are printed in every language, and reach the sailors in our ports and the immigrants newly arrived upon our shores, and have truly proven "leaves for the healing of the nations."

As time passed and the opportunities of the W. C. T. U. widened, other departments were instituted, until at present there are seven general divisions of the work, under which are grouped all of the interests embraced by the "Do Everything Policy" of the World's and National W. C. T. U. president, Miss Frances E. Willard.

The first division, "Organization," embraces the Young Women's Branch, the Loyal Temperance Legion, Work Among Foreigners, and

Work Among Colored People. Each of these sub-divisions has its own national state, county and local superintendent. Under the head of "Preventive" are the departments of Health and Heredity and Non-Alcoholic Medication.

In the department "Educational" are grouped Scientific Temperance Instruction, Physical Culture, Sunday-school Work, Temperance Literature, Presenting Our Cause to Influential Bodies, Temperance and Labor, W. C. T. U. Schools of Methods and Parliamentary Usage, Narcotics, School Savings Banks, Kindergarten Medal Contests, and last, but by no means least, The Press.

This is coming to be one of the most powerful allies of W. C. T. U. and one of the best means for reaching the people.

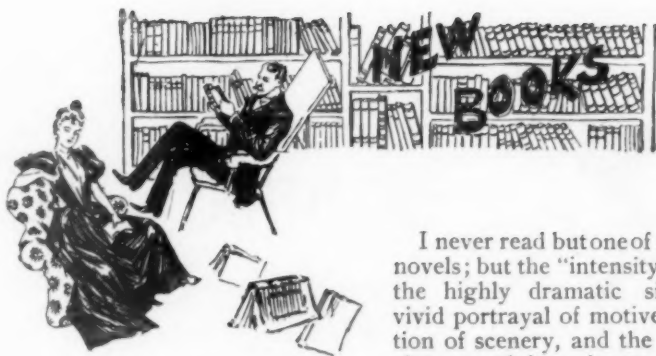
In the "Evangelistic" department we find the sub-heads, Unfermented Wine at Sacrament, Proportionate and Systematic Giving, Penal and Reformatory Work, Work in Alms-houses, Securing Homes for Homeless Children, Work Among Railroad Employes, Work Among Soldiers and Sailors, Work Among Lumbermen, Work Among Miners, Sabbath Observance, Purity, Mercy, and Purity in Literature and Art.

The "Social" department conducts Parlor Meetings, the Flower Mission Work, and work at State and County Fairs.

The "Legal" sub-division are Legislation and Enforcement of Law, Franchise, Peace and International Arbitration and Christian Citizenship.

As "Affiliated Interests" stand the Woman's Temperance Publishing Association, National Temperance Hospital and Training School for Nurses, and the Temple.

Among all these varied interests, surely, there is an opportunity for every woman who is willing to take the total abstinence pledge to find something which she can do to "help forward the coming of Christ into all departments of life."



"Position and Action in Singing," by Edmund J. Myer, is one of the most common-sense books in this line of work which I have ever seen. Natural in its method, it goes from effect back to cause; and instead of teaching local effort of the body to produce tone, it frees the voice from all body restraint by calling for the tone—the body following the will-impulse naturally. I give a few illustrative quotations:

"The body and not the throat is the keyboard on which we play."

"A right or artistic training of the voice will be recognized as a flexible, artistic training of the human body."

"Life in song is energy vitalized."

"It is nonsense to ask a pupil not to do a certain thing, unless something else is given him to do in place of it."

"Correct teaching always fights the cause, and never the effect."

"Find out the cause of the wrong, then over against the wrong place the right."

The book is in two parts, and the above extracts are from Part I., a study of the fundamental principles. Part II. is a study of "the means used to apply the fundamental principles in the use of the voice." Both practical and inspirational, the book is valuable, and I heartily commend it. Cloth, 200 pp., \$1.25. (Edgar S. Werner, Publisher, East 16th St., New York.)

I never read but one of Mrs. Holmes' novels; but the "intensity" of the story, the highly dramatic situations, the vivid portrayal of motive, the description of scenery, and the outlining of character, left an impression or effect that is recalled—after the lapse of a quarter of a century—by reading "Lost Lineage," by Carrie Goldsmith Childs. The book abounds in bits of truth and wisdom; the characters are well drawn, and the plot interesting—and yet it is not a book that I would suggest for general reading. "The characters are well drawn"—but most of them are not such as inspire us to better living. "The plot is interesting"—but is too full of crime and duplicity to be either pleasant or elevating. A grandfather plans the murder of an infant grandson—is deceived by doctor, nurse, and "cats-paw;" a minister, his wife and daughter, conspire to cheat the adopted daughter of a friend out of her inheritance; a brother, not knowing of his own antecedents, falls in love with the minister's ward (and is in turn loved by the minister's daughter) and when he thinks he has incontrovertible evidence that she is his sister, he hides the knowledge from her but proposes to marry her "just the same," etc. The dialogue is bright, and if the story were less abundant in sin and tragedy I should not hesitate to recommend it, some of its word pictures being very beautiful, its aphorisms rich. But the dark mantle of the sensational covers too many of our books and periodicals as it is. Cloth, 400 pp.; \$1.00. (Mayflower Pub. Co., Floral Park, N. Y.)



HINTS ON FINANCE FOR WOMEN.

The improvement of prices in and demand for high grade bonds during the latter part of last month was undoubtedly the result of the improved outlook in business generally, and capitalists becoming convinced that the time for investing was at hand. Low-priced bonds shared also the marked improvement in prices.

In the stock list one-third of all the business done in the last week of the month was confined to three dividend payers, and they advanced from two to four points.

Domestic crop reports continue to be very encouraging, and this is supplemented by news from abroad which promises a good demand for our surplus.

Another promising feature is the prospect of an early settlement of the tariff question, to be followed, according to Secretary Gage's recent declaration, by a currency reform.

The situation at home has been aided somewhat by buying orders from London since the Graeco-Turkish problem displayed signs of peaceful adjustment.

Other events tending to influence the value of our railroad securities are the decision of the United States Supreme Court that the Interstate Commerce Commission is not empowered to establish rates, and the postponement until next Autumn of its Nebraska case decision. The judges stood eight to one, so it was rumored, in denying that a State has authority to establish rates, and this is supposed to be the cause for postponement until Fall. Consequently the railroads are freed from annoyance until October, as the Nebraska State authorities are enjoined from enforcing rates. Investors are also encouraged by the preparation in the Senate committee of the Foraker bill permitting railroads to make pooling agreements.

Caution is advisable at all times, and the present is no exception to the rule. Discrimination should be used in the selection of securities and by whom controlled. The prospect is brightening, and we look for a restoration of confidence and prosperity.

HOME COOKERY

By HELEN GAY

Lobster Croquets.--Cut the meat of a medium-sized lobster into small pieces; boil a cup of milk in a small, deep saucepan and thicken with a tablespoonful of flour, mixed in a small quantity of cold water. After stirring to a smooth paste and seasoning, add a teaspoonful of butter. When the butter is melted, take the pan from the stove and mix with the lobster; add an egg and set the mixture aside to cool. When thoroughly cold, mould into shapes to suit fancy; dip in egg and roll in bread crumbs, and fry in boiling fat. It is a good plan to brown in the oven any pieces of stale bread you have and crush with the rolling pin and put in a tin box. They can be used for cutlet, fish, etc.

Daisy Salads.--Boil six eggs hard; peel off the shell and cut in half. Take out the yolks and mix to a paste in a bowl, with oil and vinegar; pepper and salt to suit the taste. With a sharp pair of scissors point the white halves of the eggs and fill with the dressing made of the yolks. Place two of the filled halves of eggs on two small lettuce leaves. If a soft-boiled potato is beaten into mayonaise it will make it creamy, and give a pleasant flavor to it.

Corn Soup.--Put one can of corn into a saucepan with a cup of cold water; let it come to a boil; then, with a strainer and wooden spoon, press out all the juice. Let a quart of milk come about to the boiling point, add the corn juice, and season to taste. When the mixture boils, thicken with

flour, mixed with cold water, and, just before serving, stir in a tablespoonful of butter. This is an easily-made and delicious soup. Pea soup, using a can of peas can be made in the same way.

Strawberry Pie.--Three cups of flour, one-half cup of lard, one-half cup of butter and one teaspoonful of salt. Sieve the flour and salt into a wooden bowl, reserve a handful in a saucer; chop with chopping knife the lard and one-half the butter into the flour, and, when thoroughly mixed, add enough ice water to make a soft dough; roll enough dough to cover the bottom of two large pie pans; then roll the remainder of the dough out thin; spread with some butter, sprinkle with the sifted flour and fold up; roll out a second time and spread with butter and sprinkle with flour as before; cut into bias strips about an inch wide; fill the lined pie pans with strawberries, which have been sweetened, and put on the strips of dough as you would on a cranberry tart. Bake in a very hot oven.

Potato Soup.--To a cup of mashed potato, add the usual salt, butter and milk, as for the table; heat a quart of milk (rich milk, not skimmed), but do not let it boil. Run the potato through a sieve to get out all the lumps, and put it in the hot milk, stirring so that it will be distributed evenly. Serve in hot dishes, and with dry buttered toast to accompany it. It is an easy dish to prepare for lunch, and very nourishing.

ALL SORTS

Crabs can see and smell but cannot hear.

Some of the insurance companies of Paris refuse to insure people who dye their hair.

One of the customs of ancient Babylon was an annual auction of unmarried women. The proceeds from the sale of the beautiful women were used as dowry for the plain ones.

Tobacco seeds are so minute that it is said a thimble full will furnish enough plants for an acre of ground.

In Denmark there is a law obliging men who sell liquor to send home in a carriage any persons who become intoxicated in their saloons; and in the Argentine Republic, if a man is found on the streets too intoxicated to walk straight or to behave properly, he is put to work at street sweeping, and kept at it for eight days.

It is said that the wild lettuce is one of two well marked compass plants and that it twists its leaves until they point straight upward, with the edges directed north and south.

The marriage of a Javanese bride is not complete until she bathes the feet of the bridegroom.

An acre of good fishing ground will yield more food in one week than an acre of ground will yield in a year.

Dr. Emily A. Bruce says that in her opinion more women die from the effects of tight lacing and faulty dressing than from all contagious diseases combined.

A North Sea codman carries an outfit of line which extends eight miles in length, and carries upon it 4,680 hooks, every one of which must be baited.

The so-called cat-gut now in use for musical instruments and medical purposes comes from sheep.

Women writers in Portugal are subject to legal restrictions regarding the disposal of their work. A married woman is not allowed to publish her own literary work without her husband's consent. Should he withhold it unjustly she may publish by the authority of a magistrate or judge.

Up to forty years ago the Japanese were vaccinated on the tip of the nose.

It is estimated that in England one woman in six earns her own living.

When a member of the royal family of Korea dies, every grown male in the country has to wear a white hat for three years. If he wears any other kind, it is gently taken off—with his head in it.

The postmen of London walk 48,500 miles a day—a distance nearly equal to twice the circumference of the globe.

Railway accidents are so rare in Holland that an average of one death a year results from them throughout the entire country.

Without the consent of his wife no married Austrian subject can procure a passport for journeying beyond the frontier.

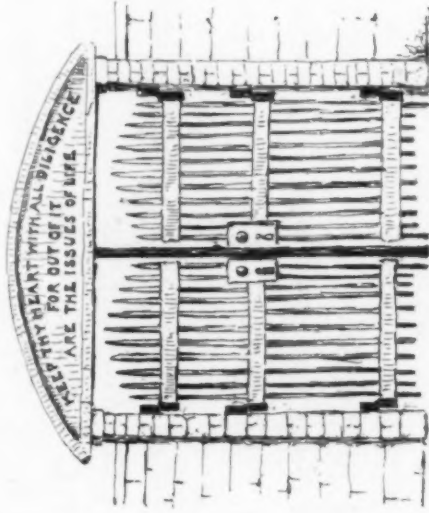
In Burmah, children of both sexes are taught to smoke soon after they leave the cradle.

The African ostrich has but two toes on each foot, and one of them has no claw.

FREE TO OUR READERS!

Send your name and address to the Oakville Co., Waterbury, Conn., and mention Arthur's Home Magazine, and you will receive, post paid, samples of the Clinton Safety Pin, their new Sovran pin, and a funny colored animal booklet for the children. This is a special offer to our readers, and will be discontinued as soon as the booklets are exhausted.

a giant that she fought and killed when a little girl."



"Tell us about him, Aunt May, please," said the children.

"Not now, dears, for it is almost tea time. The next rainy day, I will tell you all about him."

LITTLE FOLKS' DEPARTMENT OF ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

BY AUNT MARGARET.

Aunt May with her three children, Nellie, George and Edith, had come to visit Uncle Arthur and Aunt Emma and their cousins, Carrie, Will and Guy, who lived on a large farm.

As the weather was damp the children were playing in the house.



Grandma sat in her easy chair by the window in the sitting-room, and for a long time had been watching and listening to her dear grand-children. Aunt May and Aunt Emma had gone up-stairs to have a quiet

2

'Selfishness,' had to be fought with the sword of 'Self-denial,' the giant 'Falsehood' with the sword of 'Truth' the giant 'Theft,' with the sword 'Honesty,' the giant 'Envy' with the sword of 'Charity' and the giant 'Pride' with the sword of 'Humility.'

"The motto over the gate was 'Keep thy castle with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.' Now who can tell me the name of the castle, for you each own one?"

"Heart!" cried all the children.

"Yes," said Grandma, "the castle is your heart, and you know what these giants are. Here comes Aunt May. She can tell you about

7

them, and then, unless the owners fought and killed the giants, they would become captive forever.



"The names of the giants were 'Selfishness,' 'Falsehood,' 'Theft,' 'Envy,' and 'Pride,' and the giant

chat, for they had been school girls together and loved each other very much. They had not met for several years, as their homes were many miles apart. Aunt May lived with her children in a great city, and their papa was rich. Carrie was envious of Nellie's fine clothes and little gold watch, a birthday present from her papa a few weeks before. Carrie's envy at times made her cross, and then it seemed as though Nellie did take delight in looking at her watch quite often. Will and George were quarrelling over some marbles, and George had made some unkind remarks.

The two babies were laughing

and playing with their blocks on the floor, and they were the only ones who seemed happy to-day, although the children usually agreed very well, for they had been lovingly and carefully trained. Dear Grandma felt anxious about them, and wondered where envy, pride and selfishness might lead them.

"Who would like to hear a story?" she said.

"Is it a fairy story?" asked Nellie.

"I think you will call it a fairy story," replied Grandma.

Nellie, Carrie, George and Will all came and sat near Grandma, for her stories were always interesting.

"Once upon a time," said Grandma, "there was a great King who



gave each of his subjects a beautiful castle surrounded by a high wall with a great, strong iron gate, over which was a motto in bright, gold letters. He also gave each subject five swords.

"Sometimes great ugly giants visited the country where these castles were, and tried to break into

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A 32-page folder and map entitled "The Adirondack Mountains and How To Reach Them" sent free, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of a 1-cent stamp by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.

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The Cycle Danger Signal Co., 107 Chambers St., N. Y. City

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Made in Nickel Plate, Black, Rolled Gold, and Sterling Silver.

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A COMPARISON BETWEEN GOOD HOUSEWIFERY AND EVIL.

[THOMAS TUSSEK.—Died 1580.]

Ill huswifery lieth
Till nine of the clock:
Good huswifery trieth
To rise with the cock.

Ill huswifery trusteth
To him and to her:
Good huswifery lusteth
Herself for to stir.

Ill huswifery careth
For this nor for that:
Good huswifery spareth
For fear ye wot what.

Ill huswifery pricketh
Herself up in pride:
Good huswifery tricketh
Her house as a bride.

Ill huswifery one thing
Or other must crave:
Good huswifery nothing
But needful will have.

Ill huswifery moveth
With gossip to spend:
Good huswifery loveth
Her household to tend.

Ill huswifery brooketh
Mad toys in her head:
Good huswifery looketh
That all things be fed.

Ill huswifery bringeth
A shilling to naught:
Good huswifery singeth—
Her coffers full fraught.

Ill huswifery rendeth,
And casteth aside:
Good huswifery mendeth,
Else would it go wide.

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or Loan Real Estate, Ob-
tain a Loan or Lend Money, Have Your Estate Proper-
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PROMPT RELIABLE RESPONSIBLE
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ALL'S WELL, THAT ENDS WELL.

Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
Under thine own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech.

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honor: good alone
Is good, without a name; vileness is so:
The property by what it should go
Not by the title. * * *

Honors best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a slave,
Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave,
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honor'd bones indeed.

Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals ere we can effect them.

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven; the fated sky
Give us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.

“THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH
GIVING PLACE TO NEW”

ROYAL WORCESTER (CYCLES)

*Are the Standard of
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made them so.*

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To further introduce the magazine into new families.

THE COLUMBIAN today has the largest circulation of any publication in this territory except the Youth's Companion. At our present rate we shall soon pass it. Our last contest for the largest list of words from the nine letters in the word **COLUMBIAN** proved highly successful. The full list of prize winners was published in a recent issue. To further familiarize its name throughout the world we offer hundreds of valuable and attractive prizes to the readers of this and other papers who can form the greatest number of words from the twelve letters in the two words **THE COLUMBIAN**. Don't delay.

Here are samples: the, tan, tes, cas, calm, cabin, am, am, bin, lamb, etc. Every person who makes a list of fifteen words or more will receive a prize. You can think up words with the help given you above. The person sending in the largest number of words made from the twelve letters in the word **THE COLUMBIAN** will receive \$100, the second \$50, the two next \$10 each, the two next a fine bicycle each, the four next \$5 each, the five next a good American watch each, the ten next \$1 each. **SPECIAL!** In addition to the above grand prizes we shall give away absolutely free hundreds of dollars worth of Prize Budgets to all who send lists of fifteen words or more. Prize Budgets sent, all charges prepaid, same day as lists are received. Grand Prizes will be awarded as soon as possible after close of contest, which will be on Christmas eve, and list of winners published in first possible issue thereafter. Remember, every contestant sending a list of fifteen words or more will receive by immediate return a Prize Budget consisting of book of over seventy novels and stories, by most popular authors, a score of late songs, with words and music, a great collection of jokes, magic tricks, puzzles, parlor games, cooking and money making receipts, secrets of toilet, How to Tell Fortunes, Dictionary of Dreams. Entertainment for months to come.

To Enter the Contest, you must send two dimes, or 25c in stamps for trial subscription to January 1, 1898, with your list of words. Every person sending a subscription with list of fifteen words or more will receive **THE COLUMBIAN** until January 1, 1898, a Prize Budget free, sent same day list is received, and a Grand Prize according to length of list. We guarantee satisfaction or refund money. Any publisher or bank in this city can be referred to as to our reliability. We make these big offers to thoroughly establish **THE COLUMBIAN** as a National Literary success. Make up your list at once and send two dimes or 25c in stamps. Address **The Columbian, 13-17 Otis St., Boston, Mass.**

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CLEANSES TONES AND SOOTHES ENTIRE SYSTEM.
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LAMP

FOR LIGHT OR HEAT.



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This Banquet Lamp complete with Silk Shade, sent anywhere on receipt of \$4.50 Height, 30 inches. Base and Head finished in Bright Gilt, with Bronze, Silver or Gilt Figure and shade of any color desired.

This No. 31 OIL HEATER

will heat a room 10x12; neat and attractive in appearance. Well made. Perfect combustion. Sent anywhere for \$4.00 Other larger Heaters in different styles. Send for our large catalogue.

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The Boiler is made of galvanized steel, a sheet metal that will not rust or corrode, nor require painting. It is furnished with four iron drop handles for convenience in lifting from furnace, and a tight-fitting galvanized steel cover.

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DEAR SIR:—The "Granite State Feed Cooker and Water Heater" which I purchased of you some months ago gives perfect satisfaction. I am surprised at the large amount of heat which can be secured with very little wood. Every stock-raiser should have one—simply from the standpoint of economy to say nothing of the satisfaction of knowing that you have the best. In my opinion, it is the very best on the market. You are too modest in your claims for it.

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Mothers will find a blessing in POND'S EXTRACT during the warm weather. Put a little in a bowl of water and sponge off the little ones' bodies with this mixture. It will cool the heated skin, soothe and quiet their cries. It is healing, too, and of great benefit for prickly heat, and improves the skin in every way.

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FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

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has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for

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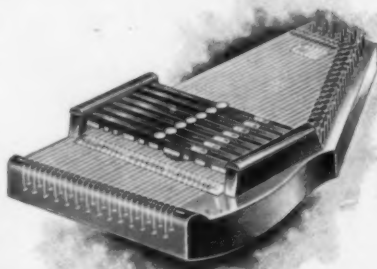
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With those a hundred years away.

And so long as fair white hands, a bright, clear complexion, and a soft, healthy skin continue to add to beauty and attractiveness, so long will

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continue to hold its place in the good opinion of women who wish to be beautiful and attractive. Its purity is proverbial; so also is that of Pears' Shaving Stick, which may be used on the tenderest and most sensitive skin, and is renowned as the best Shaving Soap in the world.

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